The Centre Reporter.

VOLUME { OLD SERIES, XL. NEW SERIES, XVI. | CENTRE HALL, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1883 | NO. 6.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

By FRED KURTZ.

The State Treasurer of Alabama is a defaulter to the amount of two hundred thousand dollars. Speculating in cotton did it.

A duel with axes is reported from New Mexico, as follows: At Socorro, N. M. Sheriff Simpson brought to town as a prisoner a Mexican who took part in a terrible duel on the night pevious. He and another Mexican had been paying attention to the same girl. In order to settle their claims to the girl they locked themselves in a room and attacked each other with axes. The man who was, brought to town had chopped his rival in a horrible manner, severing the head from the body, while he himself is cut so that he cannot live.

And now the girl may be left an orphan.

The Williamsport *Banner* says J. K. Bogert, of the Wilkesbarre *Union Leader*, has sued the County Commissioners of Luzerne, for the sum of $226, the amount charged for advertising the Sheriff's psoclamation. He recovered the full amount of his claim. That is the way to deal with such customers. There is another class of persons who would, and often do cheat printers out of honest work, that is candidates for positions, thinking that newspaper men would work for honor instead of lawful gain. That class will come next in order.

In thirty years the REPORTER has come across only 2 or 3 of the latter kind of small potato patriots.

The New Jersey House passed a bill which provides that a vote of nine or more of a jury of twelve, and four or more of a jury of six, shall be taken as a verdict in civil cases.

The *Vestnik* says a famine prevails in the Government of Kherson, in Russia, and several peasants have committed suicide to escape witnessing the misery of their starving families.

The Supreme Court of this State recently rendered a decision of great importance to boarding house keepers, lawyers, justices, and the general public. The case in which the opinion was delivered originated in Allegheny county, and was entitled Smith vs. McGihty. The action was for a debt, the defendant having failed to pay a bill for boarding due the plaintiff and suit was instituted under what is generally known as the "boarding house act," passed by the legislature in 1876. The justice before whom the case was originally heard rendered judgment for the full amount of the bill. The matter was appealed to the District Court, where the justice's decision was reversed. It was then taken by the plaintiff to the Supreme Court, and that tribunal sustained the opinion of the District court, the judges holding that the act of '76 is unconstitutional and in conflict with other laws on the statute book, and that a debtor has the same right to the benefit of the "$300 law" in an action to recover a board bill that he has in suit for any other kind of claim. This decision, of course, "knocks the bottom out of the law," and keepers of public houses will have to resort to some other means to protect themselves.

In another column we print the Granger tax bill as offered in the Legislature. There are some good features in it and some too which will not meet with general favor. The second section seems to us to be too inquisitorial as to private affairs, and would be as unpopular as a similar provision was in the late U. S. Income Tax law. We have only given the bill a hasty reading, yet we observe a number of commendable features which the REPORTER may refer to hereafter.

In the Legislature Mr. M'Knight proposed an amendment to the constitution reducing the number of members of the legislature to fifty, and senators to thirty, and fixing the term of a senator at six years, and that of a legislator at four years. The members of the legislature shall receive a fixed salary per annum, the amount of which is not stated in the bill.

This may be better than the present number, but we would say let there be 100 in the House and 33 in the Senate, as formerly, cutting off 100 in the House and 33 in the Senate.

It is thought by many congressmen that an extra session will be called by the President if at the present session there is no tariff bill passed.

Jumbo must make no groundless charges, lest he find it the most sorrowful of any of his trades.

THE TARIFF IN CONGRESS.

The tariff bill is kicked and cuffed in congress, what will be the outcome is hard to say. The Republicans are trying to dodge it, and had expected that the Democrats would undertake factious opposition, but nothing of this spirit was shown. The party lines were not strongly drawn. The Republican plan is to restrain debate on their side and to muster their full strength in support of each disputed clause of the bill. It is very doubtful whether this plan can be carried into effect when those schedules are reached opinions concerning which are determined more by geographical location than by party considerations. The Republicans are of course impressed with the necessity of making some revision of the tariff in deference to the strong current of public feeling in favor of reducing taxation, but they offer a mere pretense of a revision, abounding in misleading devices. The Democrats, on the other hand, wish to present the country with a genuinely reformed tariff system which will not only be clear and intelligible but which reduces the revenue by reducing custom dues and not by the imposition of prohibitory rates. The Senate has recently gone through the most difficult parts of the metal schedule so rapidly that the friends of the Kelly bill expressed greater hope of passing it than they expressed last week. Their purpose is to push it through and to allow the disputed rates, which of course will be the most important, to be decided by a committee of conference. But the best-informed men of the Democratic side of the House yet doubt whether there will be time to pass the bill.

The key-note of the whole bill is the following general drag-net provision, to which all amendments were lost in the House as they were lost in the Senate two weeks ago: If any non-enumerated article equally resembles two or more eunmerated articles on which different rates are chargeable there shall be levied, collected and paid on such non-enumerated article the same rate of duty as is chargeable on the article which it resembles paying the highest duty, and on all articles manufactured from two or more materials the duty shall be assessed at the highest rates at which any of its component parts may be chargeable. If two or more rates of duty should be applicable to any important article it shall be classified for duty under the highest of such rates. The last clause of this provision is an addition to the present law. The purpose of the original provision, of course, was to thwart the plans of ingenious smugglers, but the added clause has another purpose, namely, to protect without reference to revenue or care for it, all possible invention or tricks of manufacture that may be devised. When this clause was under consideration in the Senate Senator Vance said: "The friends of protection, after having spread a trap wide enough and strong enough to gather in and contain every conceivable article manufactured by the ingenuity of man for his comfort and convenience, in the composition of its wonderous nomenclature have likewise superadded this residuary dead-fall by which to entrap and lead up to the shambles of taxation this unknown invader of the vigilance of the Senator from Vermont, Mr Morrill. It is intended that nothing shall escape the acute cupidity, the intelligent greed and searching rapacity of this bill, which is the crowning act of the agonizing incubation of the great centenary infant."

With the clause thus described Mr. Kelly has begun the revision of the tariff, not content to protect all existing industries, but determined to protect all possible ones without regard to the actual or possible amount of revenue.

Gov. Curtin's bill, giving one armed and one legged soldiers a pension of $40, passed the House. Mr. Curtin says of this bill:

I reported that bill to the House and advocated it, and it passed unanimously, giving to every man who lost a leg or arm, or an equivalent disability, forty dollars per month the remainder of his life. It was my deliberate judgement then, as it is now, that in such cases men who served during the war and who are maimed in the manner described in the bill, should be supported by the Government. In the first decade after the war the loss of life in the class of men who lost arms or legs was seven in one thousand. In the next decade, or that part of the next decade which has just passed, the mortality in the same class of men was 31¼ per 1,000. It has been ascertained, not only from the opinion of scientific men and men whose profession would lead them to investigate such subjects, as well as statistics from the insurance offices, that the average duration of life where an arm or leg is lost between the age of twenty-five and thirty-five, at which these people were thus maimed, is only fifteen years.

If that is correct, and the mortality should increase for the future at a ratio corresponding with the past, the Government will not long be taxed to pay this increase of pension. I notice that complaints are made about that part of the bill which provides for an equivalent disability. What would be regarded as an equivalent disability should not be hard to ascertain, and in my judgement a disability of that kind should carry with it the $40 per month which the bill provides for those who lost an arm or leg. There are, I believe, 9,000 of this class of disabled soldiers living, and as they are all pensioners now, there would be no difficulty in ascertaining to whom the pensions should be paid, and imposition on the department would be quite impossible. No distinction is made between privates and officers in this bill. An unjust distinction exists in the present pension laws. The private is quite as deserving as the officer, and generally in greater need.

Mr. Curtin said in conclusion, that he felt a great interest in the passage of this bill, as he thought it a simple act of justice. "And when it is proposed to extend further justice and the munificence of the Government to other classes of soldiers equally meritorious, I will be found active in the support of such measures."

Congress proposes to make the Government clerks work one hour more each day—making eight hours. The clerks have become very wrathy over this and scold and swear like troopers. It is a fact that all the labor one of these clerks does throughout the year would not average three hours a day, and it is no more than just that they be required to put in full time for the good wages they get and if they are not satisfied let them quit, there are plenty of competent persons ready to take their places.

The tariff bill is making little headway in this republican congress. The indications are now that the Senate and House will not agree.

The most cheeky thing of late is the clerks at Washington protesting against eight hours for a day's work. If justice were done these chaps, sole leather would be in demand at Washington.

A Washington special says it was entirely through the personal efforts of representative Curtin that the duty on hemlock bark extract, used for tanning purposes, was raised in the house tariff bill to 20 per cent. *ad valorem*. Mr. Curtin stated that there are nine counties in Pennsylvania having valuable forests for hemlock, and there are also forests in Maryland, West Virginia and states further south. The only persons, he said, who appealed for a reduction on this article, was a firm in Massachusetts which had bought a million and a half acres of hemlock forests in Canada and hoped with the duty reduced to obtain practically a monopoly of the market.

GREAT OIL FIRE.

CLEVELAND, O., February 3.—At 6 o'clock this morning a petroleum tank in Sturmer & Tragle's refinery on the Kingsbury run exploded, and blazing oil flowed to and spread over the creek, which was swollen by the heavy rains to the size of a river. The oil floated down to the Standard Oil Works, which at 3 o'clock this afternoon were on fire, and a sweeping conflagration is threatened. Half a dozen tanks are blazing and the reservior of benzine is in danger. If the benzine catches fire the extent of the damages sure to follow cannot be told.

Five 12,000 barrel tanks, two 5,000-barrel tanks, four stills, one agitator, an engine-house, 500 feet of trestle and various small works were destroyed. The tanks were not all full. Not less than 50,000 barrels of oil were consumed. The total loss by fire is a matter of speculation. It is estimated at from $150,000 to $300,000.

SEVERE WESTERN STORM.

Chicago, Illinois, Feb. 3—The storm which began early yesterday continued with great severity all night. It extended over the greater portion of Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio. Its effect is most disastrous to railroads and the telegraph lines are prostrated in all directions, communications with many surrounding cities being entirely suspened. The railroads, especially in Illinois, are blockaded, and but few trains are run. In this city last night street travel was difficult.

Rawlins, Wy., February 3.—It began snowing here on Monday last in the afternoon and it has snowed incessantly until Thursday night, accompanied by high winds. Railroad traffic is at a standstill. All trains on the Laramie division of the Union Pacific were abandoned yesterday. The railroad company has sent out snow-ploughs and a large force of men to open the road. The storm is general throughout southern Wyoming and fears are entertained for stock and especially sheep.

Toronto, Ont., Feb. 3.—From one to three feet of snow fell in western and northern Ontario last night. The passenger trains on the various railroads are several hours late and the freight trains are at a standstill.

EQUALIZATION OF TAXES.

The Granger Bill to be Presented to the Legislature.

The following is the Granger tax-bill presented to the legislature:

Be it enacted etc. SECTION 1. From and after the passage of this act assessors of the several townships, boroughs and cities of this commonwealth shall annually, in the month of December, assess all taxable persons, natural or artificial, owning or in possession of real estate and visible personal property at its actual cash value; also all bonds, mortgages, notes, bills and other evidence of debt of any and every form whatsoever, bearing interest, and due from solvent debtors, except only the property authorized to be exempted from taxation by the first section of the ninth article of the constitution of Pennsylvania.

SEC. 2. To enable said assessors to ascertain all personal property not visible, every taxable person, firm, association and corporation shall furnish said assessors with a written statement of all interest-bearing bonds, mortgages, notes, bills and other evidence of debt of any and every form whatsoever owned or held in trust and due from solvent debtors, the amount of which several obligations shall be set to the name of every such taxable person, firm, association or corporation in the assessment book, and all such real estate and personal property thus ascertained shall form the basis or amount for which the owner or owners shall be taxable, and any and every obligation or evidence of debt that shall not be entered in the assessor's book shall, while so withheld from assessment, be uncollectable by any suit, process or proceeding whatsoever, and all interest thereon shall be forfeited during such time, and the several assessors shall file in the commissioners' office all the statements furnished to them which shall be preserved among the records of said office.

SEC. 3. The said assessors shall assess all taxable corporations of every name and kind authorized by the laws of Pennsylvnia, or any other state, or the United States, doing or transacting business within the state, with the actual cash value of their capital stock as represented by shares or otherwise.

SEC. 4. Assessors shall state in their assessment books the amount secured by dower mortgage, judgement or charge upon the premises of any taxable person, association or corporation or charge thereon, and deduct the same from the valuation of the encumbered property: *Provided*, said taxable person, firm, association or corporation shall pay the yearly amount of tax upon each dower mortgage, judgment or charge to the collector of the tax, which amount the said taxable person, firm, association or corporation shall be entitled to offset as payment for interest or principal upon said dower mortgage, judgment or charge.

SEC. 5. Assessors shall make return annually, on or before the 15th day of December, to the county commissioners or board of control, as the case may be, of their assessments and valuations.

SEC. 6. The county commissioners and board of control shall furnish the assessors annually with suitable books, blanks and papers for each district, and every assessor elected or appointed by authority of law shall, before entering upon the duties of office, make oath or affirmation to render a true and correct assessment as directed by the provisions of this act; and any assessor who shall wilfully neglect or refuse to assess all property at its cash value and make a return thereof and of liens and charges on real estate thereon, shall be guilty of misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof be punished by a fine of not less than one hundred dollars and imprisonment in the county jail for a term of not less than thirty days nor more than one year.

SEC. 7. County commissioners and boards of control shall annually in the month of December, tabulate the returns of the assessors, to ascertain the exact amount of taxable property in their respective counties and cities. And it shall be the duty of the governor of the state to furnish annually to the said county commissioners and boards of control an estimate of the amount necessary to be furnished by the several counties and cities respectively, to defray the expense of the legislative, executive and judicial departments of the state government, including interest on the public debt, expenses of the department of public instruction, and the amount authorized by law for common schools, soldiers' orphan schools, charitable institutions, pensions and gratuities and National Guards, to enable the commissioners and boards of control of the several counties and cities to form an approximate standard of assessment; and commissioners of counties and boards of control of cities shall annually estimate the cost of their respective county governments, including expenses of the courts of justice, support of prisoners and all other institutions in care of the county. The proper officers of townships and boroughs shall annually estimate the cost of the township or borough government, including cost of schools, maintenance of roads, bridges and support of poor, and report the same to county commissioners annually. The several amounts so ascertained of tax required for the annual support of the governments of Pennsylvania taken together shall form the standard of taxation.

SEC. 8. The county commissioners of the several counties and the boards of control of cities shall levy annually on or before the first day of May a mill rate of taxation on all property assessed against each and every taxable person, firm association or corporation within the county, and make out the issue to the collectors of the respective districts duplicates, alphabetically arranged, of all such persons, firms, associations and corporations assessed in accordance with this act.

SEC. 9. County commissioners and boards of control shall appoint annually a suitable person for collector in each assessment district, and every collector before authorized to receive a duplicate shall give a judgement bond, with approved sureties in double the sum of the amount of his duplicate; said bond to contain a confession of judgement; and the said commissioners or board of control shall enter the same of record in the court of common pleas in the proper county. Every collector appointed under this act shall be required to collect the several amounts on his duplicate by the first day of January next succeeding his appointment and pay the same the to treasurer of his county or officer of his city authorized to receive the same, and when a collector has paid over all amounts not exonerated by lawful authorities, he and his sureties shall be discharged from his bond. Collectors shall be entitled to a commission of 5 per cent. on all sums collected: *Provided*, that any taxable person, firm, association or corporation, who shall pay his tax direct to the county treasurer on or before the first day of September, shall have abated from his tax the amount of percentage otherwise paid to the collector.

SEC. 10. Commissioners of counties and boards of control in cities shall annually authorize the treasurers of their respective counties and cities to pay to the treasurer of the state of Pennsylvania, on or before the first day of September, the amount provided for the state government in section 7 of this act; also to the treasurers of the several townships and boroughs and school districts in their respective counties the amounts provided for township, borough and school districts in section 7 of this act.

SEC. 11. County treasurers shall be paid a salary to be fixed by the county commissioners of the respective counties, which salary shall not exceed one and one-half per cent. on all moneys received and disbursed.

SEC. 12. All laws which are inconsistent with this act of taxation by general law are hereby repealed.

URIAH MOYER,

LONELY AND SORROWFUL IN THE JAIL AT MIDDLEBURG.

Governor Pattison issued a reprieve for one week to Uriah Moyer, one of the murderers of the Kintzlers, who was to have been executed on February 28th, at Middleburg, Snyder county. The respite was granted on a petition containing the name of the president judge and his associates, together with the commissioners and a large number of other prominent citizens. In asking for the change of time, the reasons urged were: That the execution having been fixed for court week, it would necessitate unnecessary expense upon those who have business at court owing to the excited state of the people, and as the sheriff would not be able to attend to his usual court business. The sheriff of the county, who was talked to recently, says Moyer has given up all hope of commutation of his seutence and that the impending doom fully occupies his mind; it is ever constant with him, the last thing when he sinks to rest upon his prison couch, and the first thing when he awakes in his cell in the morning—turn where he will he sees in his imagination, the scaffold, and seems to realize the dread performance in which he is to be the unwilling principal actor. The sheriff appears to think that Uriah will nerve himself to undergo the sore ordeal without flinching. As yet however, he has not schooled himself sufficiently to speak about it without appearing affected. The doomed man seems to have a good appetite and relishes his meals which he takes with great regularity, and apparently sleeps well. The visit of his son, who is a young man, to the cell of the doomed father, which took place last week, was an affecting scene as described by the witness. During the conversation, which occupied nearly two hours, no reference was made to the sad event which is to deprive the son of his father. The boy amused the father with several tunes performed on a mouth organ, on which he is an expert. The execution will take place now on March 5th.

SNOW SLIDE.

Terrible Disaster in the Rocky Mountains.

DENVER, January 31.—Last night about three miles from Crested Butte, occurred one of the most disastrous snow slides ever known in the Rocky Mountain regions. Late in the night thirty men, employed in the Howard F. Smith authracite coal mine were startled from sleep by an ominous rumbling noise, and almost instantly the avalanche was upon them. The building in which they were sleeping was crushed to atoms and the human occupants hurled down the mountain side. A rescuing party started out from Crested Butte as soon as the news was received, and after several hours, of indefatigable labor, the men were all recovered. Philip Carmin, Logan Inman, Louis Richards, Wm Moore, Chas. Bette, S. J. Raymond and one other, name unknown, were found dead. Eighteen others were wounded, several fatally. All of company's expensive machinery was destroyed. A passenger train yesterday, when within six miles of Crested Butte, divided, the engine going ahead to clear the track. When about four miles from where it left the coaches the engine was struck by a snow slide, ditched, and is now under about twenty feet of snow. A wrecking engine, which left this morning, could not get nearer than two miles of the coaches and returned to-night for provisions for the starving passengers.

TWO PUGILIST IN A DYING CONDITION.

PITTSBURG, January 31.—McFerrop, one of the principals in last Saturday's prize-fight, near Rochester, this State, is in a dangerous condition and it is believed that he cannot recover. He is suffering from an affection of the heart, which was seriously aggravated by the fight. The Swede, Gilsone, who fought several weeks ago near Sharon, is also in a very precarious condition. The referees and other participants in both fights are preparing to leave the city in the event of the death of the men.

BAD FOR BRADFORD.

A DISASTROUS FLOOD INUNDATES ABOUT FIVE HUNDRED HOUSES

BRADFORD, February 4.—Bradford was visited Saturday night by a disastrous flood which inundated about 500 houses along Pearl, Globe, Boynton, Florence, Pine, Main, and other streets. The lower part of the city, was submerged in some cases to a depth of ten feet. The flood was caused by the rains of Friday and Saturday and the melting of the snow in the mountains. Five bridges were swept away and several houses along the banks of the creek were badly damaged or totally destoryed. Eighty five families in the flats between here and Tarport living in one-story houses, had to flee for their lives when the ice gorge broke, leaving all their effects, and many of the houses were swept away.

Some Animal Stories.

I used to know a lot of stories about animals and things," said the old man, dropping a Nevada paper and regarding the exchange editor earnestly. "Some of 'em was quite curi's and interestin'," and he leaned back in his chair and joined his finger tips meditatively.

"Animals do some very strange things," assented the exchange editor.

"Which reminds me of my roan mare," continued the old man. "I think that roan mare know'd more'n a hired girl. She had a tail that reached the ground and you ought to seen that mare catch trout."

"How did she do it?" asked the exchange editor, brightening up.

"Well sir, she'd back up to the stream and flip her tail in the water, and out they'd come. Sometimes the air would jest be full o' trout, and the old mare a fishin' and that tail flyin' around landin' the biggest fish ever seen. Oh, she was old Sagacity. Once a man stood watchin' her and dodgin' the fish, and all of a suddint he referred to one as a speckled beauty. That roan mare just turned around and kicked his brains out."

"Served him right!" commented the exchange editor energetically.

"But she died," sighed the old man.

"How did that happen?"

"The trout fixed it up on her. One day about a gross of 'em got hold of her tail to once and hauled her in. She made it pretty lively for 'em and when she went under a good many fish came to the surface laughin'!"

"That's pretty strong," conceded the exchange editor.

"Speakin' of strength reminds me of how my old brindle cat used to open clams. She'd sit around and howl until the clam opened his shell to throw an old boot at her, and then she'd stick in her claw and tickle the soles of his feet till he got to sleep, and then she had him. Clams is a very sagacious bird, too. Ever watch one?"

"Not until he was cooked?" sighed the exchange editor.

"I had one that was right up on himself. The flies and mosquitoes used to bother him when he opened his shell, until he caught a spider and made him weave a web across his mouth, and then he was happy. Curi's thing about the clam. After that he used to open himself in the back to feed; opened on the hinge end so's not to disturb the spider. My darter claimed that he was a young female and hooked up behind, but we all know'd better.

"Can you show the clam now?"—groaned the exchange editor.

"No, sir," replied the old man solemnly. "He came to grief, too. You see that clam was very fond of rats and used to sit in front of a rat hole all day long and smell like cheese. We never could get on how he did it, but he did. That was his sagacity. When the rats came out he'd go for 'em and I've seen him get eighty to a hundred a day. One day he nipped a stager and that was the last of him."

"Make it short," muttered the exchange editor.

"Yes, sir. Well, he got the rat by the tall, and the rat just climbed over and tickled him on the other end. He opened and caught the rat's foot, but of course he lost his grip on the tail. The rat began to scratch him pretty badly until the clam opened and took in another foot. In that way the rat got all four feet inside the shell."

"Well, what then?"

"The rest wasn't very hard. The rat sprawled around until he got his head and body in. Then he had him."

"I don't see how," remonstrated the exchange editor.

"Just here; there wasn't room for 'em both in that shell, and the clam had to get out and out he came."

"Where did he go?" inquired the exchange editor.

"I don't know," answered the old man, impressively.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

During the last twelve months American newspapers have been received by mail in England at the rate of more than 28,000 a day, or ten millions a year.

——Congressmen, lawyers, judges, doctors, preachers, printers, farmers, mechanics, and all other classes, trades and occupations, get their ready-made clothing of Samuel Lewins, of the Philadelphia Branch.

Scientific Notes.

Japan is discussing a patent law which proposes to give the introducer of any device new in Japan a patent, in order to encourage the importation of machines.

The *Scientific American* prints an interesting article on old inventions in ordnance which should not b missed by anyone interested in the subject.

The Quincy Market Cold Storage Company, of Boston, are said to have the largest refrigerating building in the world. It is of stone and brick, 160 by 80 feet in size, and 70 feet in

The world's product of lead last year is estimated by Herr Landsberg at 444,000 tons. China and Japan are not included as producers of this metal, although the probability is that their out-put of lead is very large every year.

The United States fish commission have been distributing large numbers of young carp for stocking ponds. Over 40,000 were sent out during the first ten days of November, and from 50,000 to 60,000 more were waiting distribution. Among the earlier shipments were 1000 to Pennsylvania, 2000 to New York, 6600 to the New England States, 1200 to Ohio, 12 400 to Kentucky, 1600 to Virginia and 16,000 to Iowa and Minnesota. In reply to inquiries Professor Baird says that from 12,000 to 15 000 carp ponds in all have been stocked since the work began. New applications were constantly received at the rate of fifty to 100 a day, in addition to 10,000 on file. height. The capacity is 800,000 cubic feet, the cost $300 000, and the ice chamber holds 600,000 tons of ice. It will be used for storing dressed beef and mutton. The Chicago refrigerating cars unload at the door.

The manufacture of carbons free from ash can be accomplished, according to Jacquelain in *Comptes Rendos* (xciv. 837), by passing dry chlorine gas over pulverized coal or coke heated to a bright redness. All of the silica, alumins and magnesia, as well as alkalies and metallic oxides, would be converted into volatile chlorides and expelled; even the hydrogen is driven off as hydrochloric acid.

M. Tissanier, the French æronaut, is projecting the manufacture of an elliptical baloon, which is to be driven by a dynamo machine and storage batteries. The baloon will be 131 feet long, and will have a capacity of more than 100,000 cubic feet. It is calculated to give a lifting power of three and one-half tons which will, when the machinery is in place, allow for a ton of passengers and ballast.

The board of commissioners of the proposed national exposition of railway appliances have issued a circular announcing that they have secured for the purposes of the exhibition the Inter-State Exposition Buildings, in Chicago; and that their intention is to hold the exhibition during June and the fore part of July, 1883 A large guarantee fund has already been raised in Chicago. Applications for space should be made early to the secretary, Mr. E. H. Talbott, Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, Ill.

A new test for gold leaf was accidently discovered at the Farrell Venetian Art Glass Manufacturing Company's works in Brooklyn. By the Farrell process the leaf is placed on the incandescent glass which is then blown. The expansion splits the leaf into beautiful and fantastic forms, and the object is then fired, covering the glass with the vitreous material. In using a guaranteed .999 quality of gold leaf, the workmen found that the expansion separated the gold from the copper alloy, and the object was ornamented with gold and a handsome green, the latter color being due to the oxidation of the copper.

It is stated that a good test for lubricating oils is to place single drops of the different kinds to be compared in line across the end of a piece of plate glass about twenty-four inches long one end being six or eight inches higher than the other, to form an inclined plane. The drops of oil run down this smooth plane in a race with each other. The quality of the oils for lubricating purposes is shown by the distances traveled and the trace left by the drops. Thus, on the first day sperm oil will be found in the rear; but it will in time overtake the rest, and retain its power of motion after most other oils have dried up.

It is when our budding hopes are nipped beyond recovery by some rough wind that we are the most disposed to picture to ourselves what flowers they might have borne if they had flourished.—[Dickens.

A Vermonter has invented a water telescope with which he claims he can see a five-cent piece in forty feet of water. But the blasted telescope does nto bring coin up; so seeing it is only an aggravation, and we don't want any such instrument.—*Boston Post.*

THE QUARREL OF THE WHEELS.

I sat within my wagon on a heated summer day,
And watched my horse's flinging feet devour the dusty way;
When suddenly a voice below shrieked out, it seemed to me:
"You're bigger, but you cannot go one-half so fast as we!"

I looked around, but no one there my straining vision caught;
We were alone upon the road—I must have dreamed, I thought;
Then almost at my feet I heard, distinct, a voice's sound:
"You'll never overtake us, though you twice go o'er the ground!"

It puzzled me at first, but soon the fact upon me broke:
The fore-wheels of the wagon had thus to the hind-wheels spoke.
I listened to the answer, and it came in accents low:
"You're no farther now before us than you were an hour ago!"

I awaited the rejoinder, but no further answer came;
The fore-wheels were too busy, and the hind-wheels were the same;
And though I strained my hearing much, depressing well my head,
By fore-wheels or by hind-wheels not another word was said.

The matter set me thinking how in life one often knows
Of bitter controversies with the words absurd as those;
How many claim as merit what is after all but fate,
With success that others make for them exultingly elate.

Your wise and mighty statesman just before his fellow set,
Strives, as fore-wheel in the wagon further from the hind to get;
Rolls along in his complacence, as he thinks, to name and fame,
To find the journey ended, his position just the same.

The patient toiler struggles, but no inch beyond is gained;
And he grumbles that, despite him, one position is maintained.
Not reflecting that the owner, who can everything control,
Bade him ever as the hindmost, for a fitting purpose roll.

Still speeds along the wagon o'er the steady roadway drawn,
Till ends the weary journey, and the light of day has gone;
And all the rivalries of men, the quiet thinker feels,
Are idle as the quarrels of the fore and hinder wheels.

Legitimate Dealings in Futures.

What, really, are futures? How have they grown up, and what practical effects, good or evil, have they produced or are likely to produce? The interests they involve are so vital to the whole business of the community that they ought to be thoroughly understood by every one. Yet a large part of the testimony taken by our Legislative Investigating Committee only serves to befuddle the subject. The public has, indeed, obtained rather a kaleidoscopic view of the matter from the various witnesses examined, many of whom have been more concerned to guard their own private interests than to elucidate the questions under investigation.

Here is an actual transaction which took place twenty-five years ago, long before the business of arrivals, as they are called, or of futures, had been introduced into the methods of commerce. A Chinese merchant asked A. & Co., an American firm in Canton, to contract to deliver to him 300 bales of cotton cloth per month, at a given price, for ten succeeding months. A. & Co.'s Boston agent offered the contract to a Lowell cotton mill. The mill's agent got his cotton buyer in the South to contract for the future delivery of the raw material, as wanted, at a fixed price. The contract was carried out to the end, and yet when the agreement was made not a yard of cloth was in existence, and most of the raw cotton was still in the field. From the Chinamen to the Southern planter, however, every party to the transaction knew just what would be his profit, and was insured against any changes in value or price.

The gist of the whole business of futures, legitimately used, was in that transaction of a quarter of a century ago, before the time of ocean cables and when steam transportation, both by land and sea, was employed to a comparatively moderate degree. Since that day the methods of commerce have been developed by the use of steam and electricity at a rapid rate, but not faster than the requirements of the world have demanded. The selling of merchandise only on the spot ceased to be the rule when samples and mail advices arrived days, weeks or months perhaps, before the actual consignment. Then it became not only desirable but often necessary also in a business sense, to sell to arrive—to sell goods or crops in advance of their arrival. In this way the risks of change were reduced to a minimum. The seller was not obliged to store his goods while awaiting a purchaser, but delivered them directly from the car or vessel to the customer who had contracted to take them. The seller, therefore, could enter with safety into new engagements, and the buyer, purchasing at favorable moments ahead of his wants, could yet so time the arrivals as to meet his regular requirements.

That is what "arrivals" are in the phraseology of modern commerce. They are still in use to a considerable extent in all the principal markets. The main portion of the business of the world in the staples furnished by this country is done under the contract system in one shape or another. Italy, France, Austria and Spain, for instance, for the past twenty-five years at least, have contracted for their tobacco in the United States months before it came to market, and Spain for even two and three years supply ahead. The whole tendency of trade in these days is to distribute crops as rapidly as possible and equalize prices throughout the world.

The uncertainty as to the time the buyer would receive his merchandise and the circumstance that it often arrived in a damaged condition were, however, continual sources of anxiety, and made the opening for present methods easy. The enormous increase in the volume of trade and the necessity for a quick release from responsibility on any one transaction aided the movement; and when commercial correspondence came to be done almost exclusively, in large affairs, by telegraph, the Exchanges were forced to adopt what is known as the future contract system—that is, the futures, so called, which are now under investigation.

Daily and hourly reports from every market in Europe and America are posted in the Exchange rooms, so that superior information is almost a thing of the past, and the man of moderate means has a chance with the capitalist.

Now, the present dealing in futures simply covers all the points of safety made in the illustration we have given of the contract of the Chinese merchant and the Southern planter through its various stages. The future, in fine, is a contract on paper for the future delivery and receipt, within a specified time, of a specified quantity of merchandise, at a specified price. The actual merchandise may not be delivered on that contract, however, for futures are used as a means of insuring actual transactions as well as carrying them out. For instance, the man who receives an order to buy or sell may not be able for various reasons to make the transaction at the moment, though the price may be at or below his limit. The exact goods he wants, in the exact quantity, may not be available at the moment. He therefore buys or sells a future contract for a like amount. As soon as he has afterward carried out his order in the "spot" market—that is, by buying or selling the actual merchandise, he closes out his future contract, and the transaction is completed. He has, in fine, used the future simply as an insurance against possible or probable fluctuations in the market while he was executing his order.

There are other uses of futures as a method of insurance against loss. For instance, a commission merchant has advanced on a quantity of wheat 90 per cent. of its New York value. He sees the market declining and his margin disappearing. He must then, to save himself, sell out the wheat at current prices, get more margin from the consignor, or sell a future for the same amount at the ruling price. He may be unable to at once close out the wheat, and the extra margin may be forthcoming. If he sells a future, however, his advances are rendered secure. He is insured. By that means, too, the interests of the consignor are protected. He may also thus gain time to make up the extra margin, and so be able to get the advantage of a possible rise by carrying his wheat as he originally intended.

The farmer or planter may make the profit on his crop certain before it is harvested by selling a future contract which his crop will meet. He can thus secure himself. For instance, cotton planters this year have sold future on their crops at perhaps 11¼ cents a pound, giving them nearly a cent and a half above the present prices. The same thing is still more true of our cereal crops, though small farmers must sell their product for what it will bring at the nearest market.

The miller and manufacturer can with perfect safety make engagements for their product weeks and months ahead, for they know exactly the price of their raw material. They can assure themselves by buying futures.

The sales of futures based on actual transactions even may, however, largely exceed the volume of a crop, for the same commodity is sold over and over again. They may be said to represent, not the volume of the crop, but the number of hands through which the crop has passed, that is to say, the various transactions in it. Legitimately used as a means of insurance, futures are, therefore, of unquestionable benefit all around. They are simple means of eliminating every possible speculative risk in carrying out orders for the buying and selling of our crops. Our fathers were often ruined through doing a spot business on a comparatively moderate scale, because they were utterly unable to realize on their merchandise until a decline in price had used up their capital and credit.—*N. Y. Sun.*

He who says all he likes will often hear what he does not like.

The Dispensary.

BILIOUSNESS.—Bad blood, too much blood, giving headache, a bad taste in the mouth in the mornings, variable appetite, sickness at stomach, chilliness, cold feet, and great susceptibility to taking cold. One or more of these symptoms is always present. Sometimes a bilious person has a yellow tinge about the face and eyes, because the bile, which is yellow, is not withdrawn from the blood; it is the business of the liver to do that, but when it does not do it, it is said to be lazy, does not work, and the physician begins at once to use remedies which are said to "promote the action of the liver."

It has been discovered within a few years that acids "act on the liver," such as nitric acid, elixir of vitriol, and vinegar; but these are artificial acids, and do not have the uniform good effect of natural acids, which are found in fruit and berries.

THE BEST STIMULANT.—The best possible thing for a man to do when he feels too weak to carry anything through, is to go to bed and sleep for a week if he can. This is the only recuperation of the brain power, the only actual recuperation of the brain force, because during sleep the brain is in a state of rest, in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which take the place of those which have been consumed by or in previous labor; since the very act of thinking consumes or burns solid particles, just as every turn of the screw of the splendid steamer is the result of the consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. The supply of the consumed brain substance can only be had from the nutritive particles in the blood, which were obtained from the food eaten previously, and the brain is so constituted that it can the best receive and appropriate to itself those nutritive particles during a state of rest, of the quiet and stillness of sleep. Mere stimulants supply nothing in themselves, as they goad the brain, and force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until that substance has been so exhausted that there is not enough power left to receive a supply, just as men are so near death by thirst and starvation, that there is not power enough left to swallow anything, and all is over.

Almost all persons become bilious as the warm weather comes on; nine times out of ten nature calls for her own cure, as witness the almost universal avidity for "greens," and for "spinach," an the early spring, these being eaten with vinegar; and soon after the delicious strawberry, comes the raspberry, the blackberry, the whortleberry; even the cherries the peaches and apples, carrying us into the fall of the year, when the atmosphere is so pure and bracing that there is general good health everywhere.

The most beneficial anti-bilious method of using fruit and berries as health promoters, is to take them at dessert, after breakfast in their natural, raw, ripe, fresh state, without cream or sugar, or anything else besides the fruit itself.

Half a lemon eaten every morning on rising, and on retiring, is often efficacious in removing a bilious condition of the system, giving a good appetite and greater general health.—*Home and Health.*

Something in the Bed.

Judge Pitman has a habit of slipping his watch under his pillow when he goes to bed. One night somehow it slipped down, and as the judge was restless it worked its way down towards the foot of the bed. After a bit, while he was lying awake, his foot touched it; it felt very cold; he was surprised, scared, and jumping from the bed he said:

"My gracious, Maria, there's a toad or something under the covers. I touched it with my foot."

Mrs Pitman gave a loud scream and was on the floor in an instant.

"Now, don't go hollering and waking up the neighborhood," said the Judge. "You get a broom or something, and we'll fix the thing, mighty quick."

Mrs. Pitman got the broom and gave it to the Judge with the remark that she felt as though snakes were creeping up and down her legs and back.

"Oh, nonsense, Maria! Now, turn down the covers slowly while I hold the broom and bang it. Put a bucket of water alongside of the bed so that we can shove it in and drown it."

Mrs. Pitman fixed the bucket and gently removed the covers. The Judge held the broom uplifted, and as the black ribbon of the silver watch was revealed, he cracked away at it three or four times with the broom, then he pushed the thing off into the bucket. Then they took the light to investigate the matter. When the Judge saw what it was, he said:

"I might have known; it's just like you women to go screeching and fussing about nothing. It's utterly ruined."

"It was you that made the fuss, not me," said Mrs. Pitman.

"You needn't try to put the blame on me."

Then the Judge turned in and growled at Maria until he fell asleep.

Kitchen Interests.

PUFFS.—One quart flour, one pint milk, two eggs; beat well; butter size of an egg, three tablespoonfuls each of sugar and baking-powder; roll out and bake in a quick oven.

LEMON PUDDING.—Mix well two cups of sugar with half a cup of butter; add two grated lemons, five eggs. Line a deep dish with paste and pour in the mixture; bake thirty minutes.

QUINCE JELLY.—Cover the fruit with water and boil one hour. Then strain through crash; strain twice if not clear; add equal quantities of juice and sugar and boil steadily twenty minutes. Let the jars stand one week before sealing.

SODA BISCUIT.—One quart of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream-tartar, one of soda, butter the size of an egg, one and one-half cups of sweet milk; mix with flour, roll out and bake in a quick oven ten minutes.

BAKED ONIONS.—Wash and boil one hour, change the water twice in that time, drain on a cloth and roll each in buttered tissue paper twisted at the top; bake one hour in a slow oven. Peel and brown them and serve with melted butter.

YEAST.—Grate two large, raw potatoes. Add one teacup of white sugar, one teaspoon of salt, a half teaspoon of ginger. Pour over this mixture a cup of boiling water in which a tablespoonful of hops has been boiled. Save half a cup each time to start anew.

CRUMPETS.—Take two pounds of bread dough and mix with three eggs, well beaten; gradually add warm water until the batter is the consistency of buckwheat cakes; beat it well and let it rise. Have the griddle hot and well greased; pour on the batter in small cakes and bake a light brown.

HOW TO COOK RICE.—To know how to cook rice so that it will be dry and each kernel keep its proper shape is very simple. The first thing to be done is to buy a farina kettle, or to have made at a tin shop two stout tin pails, one several sizes smaller than the other. In the outer pail put as much boiling water as it will hold without running over when the smaller pail is set within it; look over and wash the rice, then put it in the smaller pail, and put in enough boiling water to cover it (observe, the rice is not to be soaked and the water is to be boiling; then put the cover of the inner pail on—the outer has no cover; the rice will be cooked tender in from fifteen to twenty minutes if you have a fire hot enough to keep the water boiling. The rice, when turned out, will be dry, and each kernel will be distinct from every other. Sometimes the condition of the atmosphere is such that water evaporates rapidly, and then boiling water must be kept in the teakettle so that the outer pail may be supplied from it. It may also be necessary to add a little to the rice. One important consideration to bear in mind is that the rice must not be stirred at all. Stirring will spoil the shape of the kernels In India the rice is boiled and served with meat and the favorite curry, and the dish is then called "a curry." A recipe for making the curry powder is here given: To three parts turmeric add two parts black pepper, three-fourths of a part of cayenne pepper, half a part of ginger root, four parts cumin seeds, six parts of coriander seeds, a quarter of a part each of nutmeg, cloves and cinnamon. The imported curry powder, which can be bought at almost all large groceries, is a very satisfactory preparation. But the cook must remember that it is dangerous to put in much at a time, as the full flavor of the powder is not developed until it has been wet some little time—say three or four minutes.

A Bangorian Banged.

"My son," said an Ontario street mother, "go down to the grocery and get me a can of green-peas." "I should squirm to wiggle," answered the boy. "Go on, I tell you." "I should limp to jump." "If you don't go this instant I will tell your father when he comes home." "I should blow to tattle." "Never mind, sir." "I should whoop to squeal." When the father came the mother said: "I wish that you'd whip Tom. He positively refused to go down to the grocery, and told me that I was a tattler and that he would jump on me if I didn't mind." "Tom!" "Yes, sir." "What was that you said to your mother to-day?" "Never said nothing." "Then I am a story-teller and you are a pretty boy," said the mother. "Look here, young man, if you don't behave yourself, I'll thrash you; do you hear, sir?" "I should titter to snort." "Come here to me, sir." And the young man squirmed to wiggle, limped to jump, blew to tattle, whooped to squeal and tittered to snort.

"You made a fool of me," said an irate man to his wife. "My love," she sweetly responded, "you do yourself injustice. Call yourself a fool if you wish, but remember that you are in all respects a self-made man."

Sympathetic Justice.

A gentleman was arraigned before an Arkansaw justice on a charge of obtaining money under false pretences. He had entered a store, pretending to be a customer, but proved to be a thief. "Your name is Jim Lickmore," said the justice. "Yes, sir." And you are charged with a crime that merits a long term in the penitentiary?" "Yes, sir." "And you are guilty of the crime?" "I am." "And you ask for no mercy?" "No, sir." "You have had a great deal of trouble within the last two years?" "Yes, sir, I have." "You have often wished that you were dead?" "I have, please your Honor." "You wanted to steal money enough to take you away from Arkansaw?" "You are right, Judge." "If a man had stepped up and shot you just as you entered the store you would have said: 'Thank you, sir.'" "Yes, sir, I would. But, Judge, how did you find out so much about me?" "Some time ago," said the Judge with a solemn air, "I was divorced from my wife. Shortly after you married her. The result is conclusive. I discharge you. Here, take this $50 bill. You have suffered enough."

Rats and Mice.

A writer in the *Scientific American* says: "We cleaned our premises of the detestable vermin, rats, by making whitewash yellow with copperas, and covered the stones and rafters with it. In every crevice in which a rat may go we put the crystals of the copperas, and scattered in the corner of the floor. The result was a perfect stampede of rats and mice. Since that time not a footfall of either rats or mice has been heard around the house. Every spring a coat of yellow-wash is given the cellar as a purifier, as a rat exterminator, and no typhoid, dysentery, or fever attacks the family. Many persons deliberately attract all the rats in the neighborhood by leaving the fruits and vegetables uncovered in the cellar, and sometimes even the soap is left open for their regalement. Cover up everything eatable in the cellar or pantry, and you will soon starve them out. These precautions, joined to the service of a good cat, will prove as good a rat exterminator as the chemist can provide. We never allow rats to be poisoned in our dwellings. They are apt to die between the walls, and produce much annoyance.

Damages for Five Children Killed.

In May, 1881, five children of F. H. Nehrbas, of San Lorenzo, Almeda county, California, were returning home from a May-day picnic in a light wagon, and when they reached the crossing of the Central Pacific Railroad the vehicle was struck by a locomotive and all the inmates were killed. The father of the children sued the railroad company for damages. On the trial it was shown that the approaching train could not be seen from the highway until close to the crossing on account of a covered bridge and eucalyptus trees. It was also shown that the train was behind time, and running from thirty three to thirty-five miles an hour. The jury awarded $10,800 damages to plaintiff, and defendant took an appeal. The Supreme Court has affirmed the judgment, holding that "in view of the rule of damages prevailing here we cannot be reasonably expected to hold that for such a loss as the plantiff in this case sustained, the amount awarded him by the jury was excessive.

Cullings.

When a bald-headed man buys a duster, mohair would be most appropriate.

"My dear boy," wrote an Irishman o his son, "never put off till to-morrow what you have done to-day."

"It is not necessary for a man to be poor to be honest." Certainly not. But it seems sort o' half way necessary for a man to be poor if he is honest.—*Quiz.*

She Bridgeton (Me.) *News* calmly says: "The types last week made us say that 'The showers were not sufficeint to meet the wants of milkmen,' etc., instead of 'milimen.'"

An old citizen, returning to his home from a banquet, meets another old citizen coming from the opposite direction. "Ish this the avenue?" asked No. 1 "How should I know? I wash at the banquet myself."

An old miser, who was notorious for self-denial, was one day asked why he was so thin. "I do not know," said the miser. "I have tried various means of getting fatter, but without success." Have you tried victuals?" inquired a friend.

"It's my last resort, my last resort," murmured a dejected looking individual as he braced himself against a lamppost last night. "What is that?" inquired a sympathetic bystander.—"Home," was the mournful reply. "home, sweet home."

FIFTY TO-DAY.

[The following lines written for the Landsdale (Pa.) "Reporter," are from the pen of Mrs A. R. James, of New Britain, Pa.]

Fifty to-day! How the years go by
Both with cares and joys well strewn.
There's an infant's cry, the shout of a boy;
And next, a man full grown.
The parents, who guided our childhood's steps,
Have long since been laid away;
There are children still to brighten our home,
But we are the old folks to-day.

Yes, the years go swiftly and silently on;
Some full of sorrow and pain;
And some, so full of hope and joy
They make us young again.
"But God is God to the sorrowing,
By night as well as by day,"
And our tears shall be dried forever
When he wipeth them all away.

And if another year we see
Roll in the ages past,
May there be no sad repinings
For joys that could not last;
May there be no painful heart throbs
For the golden days misspent,
Or base ingratitude to God
For any mercy sent.

We are getting along to the time of life
When childish sports and ways
Are only memories of the past—
Of early, happier days—
We are getting along where the rosy tints
Of life are not so bright,
Where the "orb of day" has turned to meet
The coming hours of night.

For the hours of night will surely come;
The sun will sink to rest,
But to rise again with a new-born light,
Flooding mountain and ocean crest,
'Tis a beautiful sight when the King of day
Drops the sable mantle of night,
More gorgeous tho', when at midday
The monarch is clothed with light;
But grander far when the purple tints
Soften the crimson hue,
And white, fleecy clouds enhance the scene
As they float away in the blue.

So it is with the life that has nobly borne
The burden and heat of the day,
For the soul has grown purer and fairer to see,
Tho' the body has gone to decay.
Oh! may it be ours to resemble the sun
In his glorious onward way;
And the night of our life be the best of our life
Tho' we've had a long bright day.

Outwitting the Brigands.

It was on such a morning as we fog-nurtured islanders seldom witness at home, that I stood upon the deck of the good steamer Coumoundourous, watching the nearing shores of the Piræus, which, as all the world knows or should know, is the port of the classic city of Athens. The beautiful unclouded sky; the bright outline of the sun-bathed coast; the air laden with the scent of the distant Hymettus; the far eminence with the grand old Acropolis standing out white and bold in the clear atmosphere; and close at hand the moldering tomb of Themistocles—all combined to arouse such poetic fancies in my mind that I forgot for the moment the prosaic business upon which I had come. The screaming engine of the busy little railway which carries the traveler from the Piræus to Athens, soon reminded me, however, that I was accredited with a mission from a London Greek firm to their friends in the Attic city; and I was soon whirling over the sacred ground

Where history gives to every rood a page!

We passed the monuments of those doughty champions of the War of Independence. Karaiskakis and Miaulis, and many other objects of interest; and after a ride of three or four miles I found myself at my destination.

After a few days I certainly had a very pleasant time of it, the few hours work each day acting only as a stimulus to my varied pleasures; and, having examined the Acropolis and lunched by the fallen pillar of Jupiter, seated myself in the ruins of the Pnyx—whence Demosthenes declaimed and Pericles evolved his plans—I looked around, like Alexander, for more worlds to conquer.

I thereupon consulted my genial but unwashed host, Kyrie Antonio Pericles Pappademetracopoulos—who, although Plato was to him a text-book and the sayings of Socrates as familiar as the story of Tommy and Harry to an English schoolboy, was always as dirty as a sweep—upon the propriety of betaking myself to where

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea.

For one might as well go to Egypt without visiting the Pyramids, or to Rome without entering St. Peter's, as to "do" Greece and leave Marathon unexplored. And when my host tried to dissuade me by assuring me that a Greek gentleman's ear had been sent a fortnight before by the brigands to his obstinate relatives, to hurry the negotiations for his ransom, it so roused my blood that I vowed I would go if I returned as close cropped as an English terrier. So away we started—myself and Themistocles, the son of mine host, a sallow, unshaven youth, dirtier than his father—mounted upon two high-spirited donkeys, our revolvers well primed and our commissariat well stocked.

"*Adois Kyrie?*" shouted my Ionian named host as we cantered off.

"Never fear," I replied, waving my revolver defiantly, and feeling that I should be greatly disappointed if the rascals did not show themselves.

On we went, enjoying the scenery and holding a hybrid conversation—he in broken English and I in sadly mutilated Greek—until in the excitement of the ride and the glorious panorama constantly unfolding itself to our view I entirely forgot that there were such beings as brigands in existence.

"Now," said I to Themistocles, after a ride of some hours, during which my appetite had become unpleasantly sharpened, "let us look about for a spot where we can bivouac in comfort."

We soon found a delightful place, sheltered all round, save where through a small opening we obtained a view of a charming landscape. Dismounting and allowing our animals to refresh themselves on the grass, we soon made havoc of the good things we had brought. I was lying upon my back smoking a cigarette after the meal, gazing dreamily at the blue firmament, and, being too lazy to rise, had called on Themistocles to pass the bottle.

"Has the fellow gone to sleep?" thought I, still indisposed to turn my head. "Themistocles!"

But Themistocles heard me not; and when I raise myself upon my elbow I saw him standing, as if struck dumb and motionless with fear, staring upon the opening. Instinctively I leaped up and clutched my revolver; but before I took a step the cause of Themistocles' fear became apparent; and three shaggy forms behind three blunderbusses aimed direct at me made me fully aware that I was in the presence of those scourges of Greece, the brigands! But oh! what a metamorphosis! Where were the natty green jackets with silver buttons, the plumed hats and the *tout ensemble* of the brigands of my youth of the operas and the picture books? Three ragged, disreputable-looking figures, clad in greasy sheepskins and dirty clothes, unkempt, unshaven, took the place of those tinseled heroes, and with stern gestures and muttered threats ordered us to follow them. My first thought was resistance, but when I showed the slightest signs the three bell-mouthed muskets were bent toward me, and I felt that the odds were too many, and, determined to wait events, grimly submitted to be led down the mountain by our unsavory guides.

At last, after winding through ravines and hollows, across glens and over mountain-paths innumerable, his most unpleasant journey ended by our guides calling a halt as we gained the summit of an eminence surrounded by trees and tall rocks, forming an extraordinary natural fortress. Beneath our feet, in a deep ravine, with seemingly but one outlet, and excellently sheltered by overhanging foliage, was the camp of the brigands; and here we found the rest of the shaggy ruffians—with the exception of one who stood sentinel—enjoying their siesta with indolent content.

A shrill whistle soon brought the rascals to their feet; and rushing up to meet us, they displayed a dozen of as unfavorable specimens of the human race as could well be found. Seizing our asses by their bridles they relieved our captors and led us down the ravine; and having roughly assisted us to dismount, brought us into the presence of the chief of the band.

"Bravo, lads! excellent!" he shouted, as his sparkling eyes bent upon us in delight; and after a cursory examination we were conducted, amid the excited gesticulations of the brigands, and without undue ceremony, into a dark cavern within the ravine.

"Shiver my maintops!" exclaimed a voice as I groped my way in; "they might give us searoom, the vagabonds, and not land us in this lubberly creek; and now they are shoving more craft in to anchor!"

"Haul in, Jack, old chum," answered the other; "we must make the best of a bad job, mate."

To say that my heart leaped to my mouth at hearing such unexpected words and finding myself in the company of my own countrymen would no more than describe the cheering sensation that thrilled through me.

"What cheer, mates?" I cried in the darkness. Answering exclamations of astonishment greeted my words; and in a few minutes our stories were told, and I learned that my new-found friends were the Captain and the supercargo of a ship then lying in the port of the Piræus, who, seeking a like object, had met with a similar fate to my own.

"And now," said Captain Jack Jenkins, "how are we to get out of this scrape? If I had Tim and Joe and Black Tom, each with a cutlass and a barking-iron here, we'd soon make a passage, I'd warrant!"

"That's all very well," said Will Johnson, the supercargo; "but we haven't. If I'd but the opportunity given me, I'd guarantee——"

Whatever the supercargo was about to say was cut short by the advent of two shock-heads at the little opening of our prison, and two harsh voices calling us—as my guide Themistocles informed us—to partake of a feast; for we learned afterward that the chief, in commemoration of having made such a good haul, had decided to allow us, his prisoners, to partake of the general festivity. But as a preliminary, we had to undergo an examination as to our capability of paying the anticipated ransoms. First, we were relieved of our watches and rings, the Captain using language rather too strong for translation to these lines, to the great amusement of his tormentors, who, with similar gesticulations to his, endeavored to imitate the sound of the Captain's words, which, of course, only added to his wrath and their hilarity.

"You uncombed, dirty-faced vagabonds!" he shouted, "if I had a few of you aboard the Annie Martin I'd twist your ugly heads over the yard-arm in the twinkling of a jiffy!"

Of course, they only laughed the louder at his impotent rage, and I thought it quite as well that they did not understand the language in which he gave it vent.

The operation of stripping us of our valuables gave me an opportunity to observe the appearance of my companions Captain Jenkins was the beau-ideal of an English seaman. In age about 35, of a large and robust build, a face broad, manly and bearded, and limbs such as would delight a sculptor to copy. His height was nearly six feet, and he had an air of command about him which was doubtless bred of his occupation. The supercargo, Will Johnson, was perhaps ten years younger; nearly as tall as his friend, strong and active: and take us all together—for I am of no mean stature myself—we were three men who, under any circumstances, would be no disgrace to our country; and if any opportunity should arise for an attempt at an escape I felt certain that we should give as good an account of ourselves as any scratch three, here or there.

Having satisfied themselves of the value of my late father's watch, which I parted from with some emotion, and of the intrinsic worth of the Captain's gold chronometer, as well as the supercargo's watch and diamond ring, we were interrogated, through Themistocles, as to our means. For myself, the name of the firm I was traveling for acted with a talismanic effect upon them, and I was immediately assessed—notwithstanding my protestations—at three hundred pounds. At this price, too, the Captain's freedom was valued; while the unfortunate supercargo—whose business they persisted in confounding with that of owner of the cargo and ship—was unanimously voted to be worth twice our ransom. Having arranged this matter to their own satisfaction, if not to ours, we were told to sit down and enjoy ourselves with what appetite we could muster.

The smell of the roast lamb and the freshly-baked meal-cakes, however, soon aroused pleasanter sensations, and dimmed for a time the memory of our griefs: more especially so as, under the apparent certainty of obtaining his booty, the chief condescended to be quite patronizing toward us, carving the joints himself for us, and delicately handing on the point of a dagger our several portions. After we had satisfied our hunger with the more solid viands we were regaled with dried fruits as dessert, and a large jar of a peculiar sherry colored, but bad-tasting, wine of a resinous flavor—which Themistocles described as the common wine of the country—was brought in and set down in the midst of us. This we told them we could not drink, and the chief very generously ordered us a couple of bottles from his own particular store, doubtless the proceeds of raid upon some well-to-do householder.

Will Johnson after a time managed to ingratiate himself in the favor of our shaggy host and his friends by his genial happy manner and frank bearing, favoring the company with many remarks, which, translated by Themistocles, evidently pleased them. When, too, by sleight-of-hand—in which he was an adept—he performed some simple tricks, and gave them a music-hall song with a rollicking chorus, and wound up with a hornpipe accompanied by the Captain with a pocket-comb and a piece of paper, the general enthusiasm knew no bounds, and the beetle-browed vagabonds laughed till the tears rolled down their cheeks.

Will now became on such excellent terms with them all that he proceeded to take some freedom with them; and when he snatched the horn from the cup-bearer, and installed himself in that official's place, ladling the wine out of the wide mouthed jar and handing it round, to the company, his triumph was complete."

"For heaven's sake!" said he, as he passed us, "don't take any of this stuff, and don't drink much of your own."

"Never fear," said Jenkins, making a wry face; "one taste is sufficient."

And so Will went round with the cup, making a comical remark to this one, and a grimace at that, until the chief—evidently fearing from their hilarity that they were taking too much—ordered them to desist from drinking and return to their several duties.

Meanwhile, we were sent back into our dungeon, with a sentinel stationed at the opening.

"Not a word," whispered Will, as we settled down in our prison. "Here's something, Captain," he continued, "that belongs to you."

"Why," said the Captain in reply, as Will handed him the article mentioned, "this is a stopper out of my medicine chest."

"To be sure it is, Jack," returned Will; "and I must apologize for the liberty of taking your laudanum phial; but my confounded back-tooth was so painful on board the ship last night that I got up and took it, and luckily forgot to return it this morning. You must debit me with the bottle and its contents, for I dropped them both into the vagabonds' winjar!"

"What!" we all exclaimed in a breath.

"Now, stop your clappers!" continued the supercargo. "Jack, you know I'm not bad at sleight-of-hand tricks. Well, in the first place, having contrived to secrete the bottle while the blackguards were relieving me of my valuables, and then having attained the position of waiter, what was easier than to wriggle the bottle down my sleeve, whip out the stopper, and drop the lot into their swipes; giving the bottle a crack and stirring the laudanum up, every time I dipped the horn into it!"

"Bravo, Will!" cried the Captain, seizing his hand and giving it a hearty shake. "If that's the case, we're safe; for the black-faced rascals won't wake up for a dozen hours, I'll be bound. There! our guard has dropped off already!"

And sure enough, the drowsy ruffian had planted himself right across the opening and was snoring loudly.

"Now for it!" cried the impetuous Jack Jenkins, rising.

"Hold hard!" said Will. "Let them get well off."

"So, settling ourselves down for half an hour we talked the matter over. At the end of this time we sent the trembling Themistocles to see how things were outside; and after peeping over the prostrate sentinel he gave us to understand that they were all sleeping except three, and they were retiring to the further end of the ravine, and would in a minute be out of sight.

"Capital!" said Will, with suppressed excitement. "Now, each take a pistol and a cutlass from the fellows and follow me."

One after another we stepped across the sleeping brigand at the entrance, Will relieving him of his pistol, dirk and blunderbuss, while the captain and I stood by ready to give him his quietus at the slightest sign of his waking. Then the four of us, gliding like ghosts, assisted ourselves to whatever weapons we could most easily lay hands upon; and, as Themistocles was not of much use for fighting, we gave him the bag containing our valuables—which we found by the side of the sleeping chief—as well as several spare pistols to carry. Picking our way without speaking a word, we advanced toward the open end of the ravine, and just as we turned around a jutting piece of rock we saw the three sentinels, seemingly in earnest conversation.

"Halt," whispered Will. 'Now for a rush!" and each singling out his man and clutching his rifle by the barrel—for we avoided the noise of shooting—we sprang forward. Almost simultaneously, and before the enemy had time to observe us we were upon them, and three rifle-stocks descended upon three shock heads with such force that two of the fellows dropped like stones. The stock of my rifle glanced off the hard head of the antagonist and crashed against the rock. With a stifled cry he turned, but in an instant my hand was upon his throat, and the sound died in his gullet, while with the strength of desperation I dashed his head against the wall-like rock, and after a struggle, in which he wounded me with his dagger, he fell from my grasp, apparently lifeless.

"Now," said the captain, "where are the donkeys? Come, Greeky!" he cried to Themistocles; "bear a hand;" and, looking around, we espied our four animals just as we left them, but with a brigand sitting by them. Here was an unlooked for rencontre! He was fully a hundred yards off, and to get at him we would have to cross a small plateau.

"Leave him to me!" cried Jenkins; preparing to rush forward. But under the advice of the supercargo he stopped. We could have picked him off easily, but dared not for the noise of the rifles.

"Hang it!" impatiently muttered Jenkins, "we shall be trapped again, after all;" and without further parley the impetuous fellow started off, running on the tips of his toes with a drawn cutlass in one hand and a pistol in the other. Just as he was within a few yards of the brigand the latter turned round, and seeing how matters stood made for his rifle, which was leaning against a tree a few yards off; but a revolver hurled deftly by Will Johnson—for we had all followed—catching him directly in the face so effectually stopped his progress that he fell stunned to the ground.

"You persist in doing all the work," said Jenkins as we came up to him. "But quick, lads; off we go!" and in a moment we were on our asses, and under the guidance of our Greek companion, were making with break-neck speed for Athens. Up hill, down dale, on we went for a couple of hours without stopping or meeting a human being; then, just as we were about to cross the summit of a mountain at which we had arrived, a harmless-looking peasant wished us "good-day," and was about to pass on.

"Seize him!" cried Themistocles; "he's a scout."

So seize him we did, for caution's sake; and as there were no trees near, we tied his hands and legs together, and left him begging for mercy. But there was no mercy in us, more especially as Themistocles explained that there was such a curious and mysterious connection between the brigands and villagers that it was by no means unlikely—had we allowed him to go free—he would have hied to the nearest village and roused a swarm of semi-brigands about us.

Having traveled for four hours, and as our asses could scarcely get along for fatigue, we called a halt; and, after resting ourselves and watering our animals, we continued our journey until late at night we reached Athens, where, round the hospitable board of our host, we soon forgot our troubles.—*Chambers' Journal.*

The Fashions.

Stylish Trimmings.

In the trimmings of this season the two extremes of utility or elegance are at once observable, and this is as it should be. A walking toilette does not demand the elegance of garniture deemed necessary for a dress to be worn at a reception or ball, while the medium between the two would be equally undesirable for either purpose. The cloth or stuff gown is nowadays combined with some contrasting material, decorated with braid or ornamented with self-trimmings; while laces, soft chenille fringes, embroideries or pearl fringes are allowed to run riot on the evening costume. In the softened light of the drawing-room the latter look as if they were direct importations from fairy-land, while in the day time and under the bold gaze of the sun they seem conspicuous and one is tempted to say, tawdry. By the way, that word "tawdry" is derived from St. Audrey, at which place fairs were held, where bargain-seeking dames were induced to buy worthless things because they were cheap. Practically, St. Audrey's still exists, and the same results follow all purchases made there—*i. e.*, dissatisfaction. The old saying that "nothing is cheap unless one wants it," is as true to-day as when some wise body first originated it.

On cloth costumes braid garniture is still most favored. A few such costumes are trimmed with rows of velvet ribbon, the use of which will doubtless be greater in the future. Soutache, Hercules and tubular braid are all in use, the preference being given to the first two. With the soutache either elaborate designs or plain lines are followed, but with the Hercules a fancy is noted for architectural effects in large outlines upon plain skirts. The drapery is then ornamented with plain rows of braid, and the basque with braided cuffs and revers. A costume after this style is of the brightest terracotta cloth; the braiding reaches quite to the knees, and is done with black Hercules braid.

Influence of a Name.

When one reflects how much of a man's success in life depends upon his name—how ridiculous he may be made by being called Peter Potter or Loveland Snooks—it is really sad that parents pay so little attention to the effect of their choice upon the future of their children. They will register their first born as Muggins Macpherson, if they happen to have a rich uncle who boasts Muggins as his surname; they will spoil a pretty patronymic by christening their child Jeremiah Seymour or Aminabab Clifford; they will even turn him out anonymously upon the world with such an apology for a cognomen as John Smith or William Jones, Patrick O'Brian, or Angus Cameron. And yet a little fancy or a little care might make an endless difference to his future life. I have known a man whose whole career was embittered and darkened by the culpable cruelty of his parents in christening him Barnabas. He was naturally known as Barabbas from his school days onward and only the force of great innate integrity can possibly have saved him from finally turning out a robber and a cut-throat. As it was, he refused knighthood as a colonial judge, because he could not bear the idea of being addressed as Sir Barnabas.

Demorest for February is one of the brightest of the leading magazines of the country. It is filled with the choicest gems in the literary casket of modern literature. Selections are chaste, and the illustrations are handsome and appropriate to the St. Valentine season.—*National Union*, Phila.

The coat tail flirtation is the latest. —A wrinkled coat tail with dusty toe marks means "I have spoken to your father."

Pious Reflections.

The greatest pleasure of life is loving; the great pleasure, content; the greatest possession, health; the greatest ease, sleep; and the greatest medicine, a true friend.

All we want in Christ we shall find in Christ. If we want little we shall find little, if we want much, we shall find much; and if in utter helplessness we cast our all on Christ, He will be to us the whole treasury of God.

Faithful prayer always implies correlative exertion; and no man can ask honestly and hopefully to be delivered from temptation, unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.

Do not wade far out into the dangerous sea of this world's comfort.—Take what the good God provides you but say of it, "It passeth away, for indeed it is but a temporary supply for temporary need." Never suffer your goods to become your God.

Talleyrand's Advice.

In these days there is much said about reforming christianity, or possibly of putting it aside altogether, and replacing it with what is called "The Religion of Humanity." The suggestions are not novel. The religion of Christ had scarcely made its way in the world before men were ready with improvements of its methods and substitutions for its doctrines.

But christianity still lives, and few, save students of ecclesiastical history, can recall the scores of its imitations.

The theophilanthropist Larevellere-Lepeaux once confided to Talleyrand his chagrin. He had labored to bring into vogue a sort of improved christianity, which should be both a benevolent and a rational religion.

With expressions of mortification he admitted that he had failed, for the skeptical age would have nothing to do with his improved religion.

"What, my friend, shall I do?" he mournfully asked.

The wily ex-bishop and diplomat politely condoled with the disappointed reformer. He hardly knew, he said, what to advise in a matter so difficult as the improvement of christianity. "Still," said he, after a moment's pause, and with a smile, "there is one plan you might try."

"I recommend to you," he said, "to be crucified for mankind, and to rise again on the third day!"

It was a lightning flash, and the reformer stood, at least for the moment, awed and reverent before the stupendous fact suggested by the great diplomat.

What is Plagiarism?

What is plagiarism? Among all the questions connected with literary criticism there is, perhaps, none to which it is more difficult to give a satisfactory answer. Of course it is easy enough to define plagiarism in the abstract as a form of theft, the things stolen being thoughts, phrases, images and the like; the difficulty is to decide whether in this or in that case the offense has really been committed. Sometimes the evidence for the accuser may be obviously too crushing to be set aside; such as when a sermon or an essay or a poem which professes to be the work of one man is discovered to be identical, sentence for sentence and word for word, with the previous work of somebody else. In such a case it is tolerably clear that deliberate "conveyance," Pistol loved to describe it, must have been practiced by preacher or essayist, or post No. 2. Literature is, however, full of duplicates, the existence of which cannot by any means be so readily explained. Some thoughts have a trick of turning up again and again in the same kind of dress, and, though sometimes the similarity of costume is so marked as to strongly suggest a suspicion of literary larceny, the kindly critic is generally free to believe either that the reproduction has been unconscious—a vague reminiscence having been mistaken for an original idea—or that the correspondence is altogether fortuitous, and that two minds have hit not only upon the same thought, but the same form of expression, while working in entire independence of each other.

O, blessed health? thou art above all gold and treasure; 'tis thou who enlargest the soul, and openest all its powers to receive instruction, and to relish virtue. He that has thee, has little more to wish for; and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee.—*Sterne.*

CURRIED CHICKEN.—Cut a chicken in pieces; put the pieces in a stewpan with one onion, in which you put a clove. Add some white broth, sufficient to cover the pieces. The chicken being cooked, make your sauce with the broth. Beat two pinches of curry with two yelks of eggs and a table spoonful of cream, and thicken your sauce. Arrange your chicken on a plate with a border of rice. You can, if you like, mix the rice with the stew. Some people prefer it.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor

CENTRE HALL, PA., Feb. 8, 1883.

Vanderbilt has a scheme by which he proposes to reduce the time between New York and San Francisco thisty-six hours. The entire journey can then be made in about four and one-half days, instead of over six days as at present.

Somebody expects to make a million out of a patent ballot box, says an exchange.

There can't be much improvement, for dozens of millions are made by some fellows out of the old ballot box.

From Vicksburg comes the following horrible piece of news: Early this morning, 29, a metal coffin was caught floating in the river at Delta Point, opposite this city. Upon examination it was found to contain the body of a young laday bandsomely dressed in a white rep silk dress, with a rich lace collar around her neck. The dress and collar were as white and perfect as when first buried. The face of the corpse was much discolored. The coffin was of an old style in use some twenty years ago and was heavily white enamelled. It is thought the body must have been buried fully fifteen or twenty years ago and to have been cast into the river either at Lake Providence or near Goodrich's Landing where the cemeteries are caving into the river. The body, after being viewed by a number of persons, was buried at Delta Point.

Winter in the North-west seems to have had a terrible effect on live stock. Advices from the Canadian northwest state that ranch companies in the Bow River district have lost several thousand head of cattle owing to the severity of winter. The Cochrane Ranch Company have been obliged to drive their cattle southward from the Collgarry district to Fori McLeod, where, owing to the chinook winds from the Pacific coast, the climate is warmer.

The Supreme Court of Vermont has declared the liquor law of that state unconstitutional and on writs of habeas corpus, discharged three persons from prison who were serving long sentences, imposed by a justice's court for selling liquor, on the ground that the liquor law was unconstitutional when it allowed such commitments, not giving the accused the right to appeal to higher courts and a trial by a common law jury. The opinion was given by Judge Powers and attracted considerable attention.

A despatch from Matamoras, Mexico says:—"At the fireworks factory of Senor Meyra, in Amacueca, a terrific explosion occurred, followed by flying rockets and bomos. Meyra and four other members of his family were burned to death and a number of other persons were badly injured."

Jumbo Solomon, of the sausage and pon-hoss organ, wishes us to answer questions. All right, but we first fix stipulations:

1ly, The questions must be easy and not ugly—else we'd almost as soon be hit with a snow-ball as answer. 2ly, There must be no names in them. 3ly, There must be no Latin words in them. 4ly, There must be no poetry. 5ly, As Solomon says he was a school-teacher, along with a dozen other trades, there must be no bad spelling as on tomo stones in an adjoining village put up when he was teacher and stone-cutter. 6ly, The stunners must not be asked in winter, as we don't want the dog days brought on out of season—only fools ask questions in cold weather. 7ly, All the conundrums must first be sent the REPORTER for revision. 8ly, They must not be in an issue of his sheet which has any literature begging for apples, sausages, pon-hoss or other truck, as we could not, in such an event, answer seriously and without laughing. 9ly, There must be none of your awfully profound "sotz-building" about them; sotz is used to make bread, and you have already spoiled your dough with bad sotz. There is no need of showing off profound, all admit your great depth, particularly across the pon-hoss and breadbasket. 10ly, There must be nothing about being grasping, it would be out of place from one who is grasping into the trades of all his neighbors who are content with one trade. 56ly, (Same as vol. of REPORTER) We must have the privilege of falling back, in this matter, on Proverbs 26:4, 5.

These just stipulations being fixed, we will agree, in our answers, not to touch upon anything like aiding and abetting forging and swindling as a rule, such as was alluded to in the *Watchman* when Jumbo Solomon was the republican candidate for treasurer. That nothing in our answers shall touch upon anything relating to a fraudulent bill for some $300 or $400 for printing the new Constitution in the pon-ho-s organ, which the law directed should appear four weeks in succession, previous to election, but appeared only one week before, and paper fraudulently dated back, and bill then sworn to before Jumbo, of the pon-hoss organ, who at that time was a republican notary and allowed the oath to be taken knowing something was not right. Answers not to say anything about a high bill for advertising a mercantile appraisement, not giving the lawful insertions. Answers not to intimate that Jumbo Solomon would get an advertisement from a business firm under the assurance that the circulation of the pon-hoss organ was 800. And, further, our answers shall have nothing in them about Jumbo not telling the truth. The great and good REPORTER yields a great deal in the above, but we give our Solomon all the rope, for the fun of afterwards pulling in a jumbling Jack-of-all-trades.

The Dice Saved Them.

An Incident in the Prussian Military Service.

This story is found in the memoirs of a Prussian officer of distinction. He was at the time on the staff of Gen. Winterfield, one of the most skillful and competent captains of his day, and Winterfield was the general in command at the time spoken of.

Two soldiers had been condemned to death. In a drunken condition at night they had assaulted an officer of the line, and one of them had drawn a knife upon him, but he could not positively say which of the twain held it. And the men themselves did not know. Neither of them remembered anything about it. So both of them were condemned to be shot.

They were both excellent soldiers and only one had been guilty of using a weapon.

The officers of the division, including him who had been assaulted, asked that the men might be pardoned. At length Winterfield said he would pardon one of them. Only one had held a knife, and only that one ought to die. He would pardon one and the men must decide which of them should be shot.

"Let us shake the dice," said one of the condemned."

And the other agreed to it. And it was agreed to by all interested. The two men took their places by the side of a big drum and were to throw the dice upon its head. Two dice were given them and a proper box for shaking.

The first man threw two sixes. He groaned in agony. He felt that he had consigned his comrade to death.

But when the second came to throw he also threw two sixes. "Wonderful!" cried the lookers on. They were ordered to shake and throw again.

This time the second man threw first and threw two aces. "Good! You will live, Peter. But when Peter came to throw, the dice presented two aces. And now the beholders were wonder-stricken indeed.

Another throw was ordered and Peter threw a five and a deuce. The other threw—five—deuce. After the excitement had again subsided the men shook once more. The first threw two fours. "Oh, now throw fives and save yourself, Peter." Peter threw—two fours.

At this point the colonel ordered them to stop. He went and reported the marvellous result to Winterfield. Said he: "Clearly, gentlemen, providence will have those two men to be saved."

And saved they were. The general cared not to oppose the wonderful fate of the dice. It did seem providential, and so he accepted it.

And the redeemed soldiers lived to prove that the saving fate had given back to Prussia two of the very best and bravest of her sons.

The Ex-Empress Eugenie.

Curious chance brought face to face the other day two famous persons, who had not met before in many years, nor, perhaps, wished to. The Duc d'Aumale was going from Chantilly to Paris, and as usual retained a private compartment in the train. Going to the train and seeing a carriage marked "reserved," he took it for granted that it was his own, and entered, only to find it occupied by two ladies. With an exclamation of surprise he was about to turn to the guard for an explanation when he recognized the supposed intruders as the ex-Empress Eugenie and the Duchess de Mouchy, who were on their way to the death bed of Gen. Ney. The Duc bowed and hastily withdrew in confusion, to find his own compartment elsewhere.

A delightful instance of mixed metaphors, almost too good to be true, is given in a law manual recently published by a gentleman in Japan for the use of Japanese students. Learned counsel: "This man, gentlemen of the jury, walks into court like a motionless statue, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and is attempting to screw three large oaks out of my client's pockets."

Have we a poet among us? Indeed there is one at Millheim. All great poets spend much time on a few lines—just so with the one down there. It is said, too, that all real poets are a little lunv, and this one seems to have that qualification also. After long and hard labor he produces these lines:

"Der Friederich, der Friederich,
Der bitterboese Dieterich!"

This is sweetness—but a week's fuller labor, and our poet got it thus:

"Der Friederich, the Friederich,
Der bitterboese Dieterich!"

Quite improved—but in another week's effort, our poet will make further headway, about thus:

"Der Friederich, der Friederich,
Der bitterboese Dingerich!"

But a real poet like him will get it about thus in his fourth week:

"Der Friederich, der Friederich,
Der halb-verrueckete Deingingerich!"

Poets improve their lines in this manner.

We know of only one match to this Millheim poet: Once when the Queen was on her travels thro' her kin dom, and reached Falkenstine, the burgess turned poet and bid her welcome from his high-stool thus:

"O mighty Queen,
Welcome to Falkenstine!"

The Queen replied:

"O you big fool,
Get off that stool."

When fellows ask ug'y questions we can only find relief in the lunacy of poets.

At a meeting in Dublin to devise means for the relief of the distress in Ireland, Justin McCarthy said he anticipated a pinch of famine to be felt in February and March. O'Donnell, member of Parliament, made a violent attack upon the Government, which, he said, had millions to spare for bayoneting Egyptians, but none for relief work.

W. Goodrich, Wrightsville, Pa., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters entirely cured me of loss of appetite and lack of energy."

Cetewayo has been reinstated King of Zululand. About 5,000 Zulus were present at the ceremony. Many chiefs expressed great dissatisfaction at the conditions on which he was restored.

A Bride to Hand.

The Hartford *Courant* prints the following extract from a letter received by a Hartford lady from one of the returned Chinese students: "I went home to see my relations the last of March.—When I first reached home you can imagine how glad my father and relatives were to see me looking so well and robust. They all flocked around me and asked me many questions. My little nephew, sent by his mother, came behind me and pulled my cue to see if it were real or false. I am going to tell you something which will surprise you. When I first landed in Shanghai my father wrote to me that while I was away a great many of his friends had offered their daughters to be engaged to me, and that he had at last, without consulting me, selected one for me from a mandarin. You know that it is a custom here for the parent to contract marriages without consulting the wishes of those who are to be united. On hearing of my engagement I tried to break it off, but without success as the Chinese consider an engagement of marriage the most sacred contract. If it is once made it can never be broken. According to the Chinese custom, the younger brother can not marry before the elder one. I have two younger brothers who have to wait for me to marry before they can. Therefore I was urged very strongly by my relatives to marry right away. I did not like to displease my father by opposing his wishes, so I consented to be united on the first of April. Of course it is not a love affair, but I shall try to do my duty. A month after my marriage I came back here to resume my studies. After studying 4 months ten of us have passed the examination as midshipmen, and we are now awaiting to go on board the training ship, which has gone to Canton for repairs. The navy-yard is situated on the Foochow river. The place has about four thousand inhabitants, and has one principal street, each end resting on the river, forming in shape a horseshoe.—We sometimes go to the Chinese theater. It is very mountainous here, but is everywhere cultivated, even the top of the mountain. We often climb the mountain and ramble among the rice fields; sometimes we go through a village, where we meet village maidens wearing ear-rings measuring four or five inches across. Another country girl dresses her hair with so many pins, sticks, and toys that it protrudes about a foot and a half from her head."

Muffs, Unmistakably.

While in San Francisco Sara Jewett, the actress, told some friends that when she was in England a young man asked her whether it was true as reported, that young girls were allowed in America to go out walking, riding, etc., with young men unattended by chaperones.

"Yes," replied Miss Jewett, "it is the case in many parts of the United States—perhaps in most."

"What an eggstronary country," replied the ingenuous Briton. "And have you ever been out that way?"

"Frequently."

"And did the men never try to—to—kiss you, you know?"

"Never."

"What a lot of muffs!"

Girlish Troubles.

Thoughtless people who imagine that girlhood is free from the cares and anxieties of mature years will be surprised to know that the spring time of existence also complains of its trials and petty miseries. "My sister is called more jolly and good-natured than I," said sweet sixteen to her friend, "but then she has none of my troubles. Her hair curls naturally and is never out of crimp in the worst fog imaginable, and when exposed to the sun she burns a fashionable terra-cotta color, of a tender shade, with little or no red in it!"

Extract from a female physician's certificate, filed at the office of the Boston board of health, on the death of a girl baby: "Age 5 minutes; cause of death, a long term of sickness."

TAX LEVY & ASSESSMENT FOR 1882.

Districts	State Tax	Co. Tax
Bellefonte borough	$282 17	$4502 65
Milesburg borough	8 25	554 34
Millheim borough	42 39	630 24
Philipsburg borough	43 85	1911 87
Howard borough	55 73	400 23
Unionville borough	9 35	322 85
Benner township	50 10	2319 65
Burnside "	8 70	240 [illegible]
Boggs "	85	1559 70
College "	43 12	2771 06
Curtin "	10 20	305 [illegible]
Ferguson "	39 88	3829 30
Gregg "	45 78	3587 45
Haines "	58 04	2840 48
Harris "	122 09	1929 2[illegible]
Half Moon "	20 90	1377 21
Huston "	23 97	550 6[illegible]
Howard "	17 76	956 59
Liberty "	7 90	1096 0[illegible]
Marion "	27 80	1739 8[illegible]
Miles "	73 42	2921 37
Patton "	12 55	1601 43
Penn "	24 93	1735 55
Potter "	109 52	4490 24
Rush "	14 30	823 10
Spring "	84 60	3093 36
Snow Shoe "	9 10	706 44
Taylor "	1 80	446 11
Union "	2 60	640 54
Walker "	17 77	2800 32
Worth "		363 80
	$1269 42	$53055 45

——If you want the best canned or dried fruit in the world; the nicest oysters; the purest and best sugars, coffees and teas; pure and unadulterated spices; fresh and cured meats; cheese, crackers, peas, beans, vegetables, soaps, brushes, or anything belonging to the line of family groceries, headquarters for such is Seculers, in the Bush house block. Try them.

WANTED!

Two reliable men to solicit orders for our Nursery Stock in this and adjoining counties, on a salary. We will give a month's trial (and advance money for the expenses of the same), and, if successful, steady employment and good pay. Address, R. G. CHASE & Co., The Chase Nurseries, Philadelphia, Pa. (Enclose stamp.) 4[illegible]8t

——Brown's grocery, on Bishop street, sells goods lowest, and pays the best prices for all kinds of country produce.

When the "Central America" went Down.

Apropos of wet weather there comes to us a reminiscense of the loss of the Central America between Aspinwall and New York. Pony Easton, of pleasant memory, said: "The Deacon was walking the deck, Capt. Herndon and I were on the wheel-house. Where Billy Birch was I don't know. Well, the ship went down, and I thought we should never get to the bottom. Then I thought we should never get to the top—and poor Herndon never did. I came up alongside the Deacon, and we were all paddling away. As soon as we could breathe the Deacon said, 'Oh, Mr. Easton, this is a terrible moment! You have led a worldly life. Do you feel prepared for the great change which is about to overtake us? Shall I offer up a prayer?' Now, if the fact must be known, I was at that very time doing my own praying and didn't want anybody to hold my proxy. I spied a man a little way off holding on to something, and, as the Deacon was discouraging, I thought I would swim away from him. It turned out to be Billy Birch, and, as I came up to him, he sang out, 'Hello, Pony, is that you? Terrible wet weather, ain't it?'"—*Quiz.*

Fighting Against Fate.

"Higher than Gilderoy's kite."

The words came with mournful distinctness from the ashen lips of Aristides Mulcahey as he stood within the precincts of a vine-embowered cottage, his handsome face pallid with grief, while the nervous twitching of the *riant* mouth that was overhung by a drooping mustache showed how bitter was the pain by which his soul was racked.

Bertie Cecil, to whom he had spoken the words with which this chapter opens was seated languidly on a *fauteuil*, a cynical, I-have-been-in-Oshkosh smile playing lightly over his face. He was one of those superbly fly men to whom the rapid civilization of the nineteenth century has given birth, and as he sat there in all his *insouciance* and striped pants one could see that although his life had ever been a gay and reckless one, it had held for him much of disappointment and sorrow.

"So she refused you point-blank?" he asks.

"Yes," is the reply. "She could never bear to leave her dear parents, and the little brothers and sisters whose lives were wrapped up in hers. God knows I love her though"—and the strong man turned away to hide his grief.

Bertie was by his side in an instant.

"She told you nothing else?" he asks—"gave you no other reason?"

"No," is the reply, "none whatever."

"Then go back to her," Bertie says, "and plead with her again—"and he seats himself in the chair and awaits the return of his friend.

In a few moments Aristides reappears, his pure young face wreathed in smiles.

"What success? asks Bertie.

Aristides does not reply at once, but, stepping to Bertie's side he leans forward and whispers in low, agonized tones: "She was bluffing without a pair."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Sad Result of a Deer-Hunt.

Two brothers-in-law, James Roberts and William Capps, residents of Chunchula, recently started out from home on a short deer-hunt. Not far from the house they put the dogs in a branch swamp and each took opposit sides of the stream that they might have a better opportunity for a shot should the dogs jump deer. A deer was started, and Mr. Capps got the first shot and missed his mark. The deer then ran in sight of Mr. Roberts, and, the intervening undergrowth hiding Mr. Capps, who was in direct range between Roberts and the deer, the latter fired. The deer reached the summit of a slight elevation and fell. Roberts ran up and was on his knees in the act of cutting the deer's throat when Capps walked up. As he approached, Roberts said to him: "Well, Will, I've got him."—"Yes," replied Capps, "and you've got me too." Roberts sprang up and looking at Capps saw blood trickling from a wound just under his left eye. Roberts cried: "My God, Will, have I shot you? Are you hit anywhere else?" Capps replied: "Yes, here in the left side." After this utterance he turned upon his heel and fell head first down the hill a dead man.—*Mobile Register.*

Earnest Men's Imaginations.

One more sleeping-car episode and I will close. A fat man from New York engaged a lower berth last evening, and after he had retired he raised the curtain of his window and gloated in the cool moonlight and the fresh, pure air that came in at the partially opened casement. He was a great stickler for ventilation, and the thought that he was getting a glorious draught of heaven's pure air made him happy. Finally, bathed in the magnificent moonlight, he sank to sleep. In the morning he awoke to find that the window was double, and that only one of them was open. Aside from the man who got up in the dark and kicked four panes of glass out of a bookcase in order to get more air, and went to bed happy, I do not know of a sadder case of misplaced confidence.—*Laramie Boomerang.*

Lighthouses are better appreciated by sailors than by actors.

——Read the published figures, of reduction in prices on goods as announced in the new advertisement of C. Dinges, found in another column. The Bargain store has made a very important move.

SPRING MILLS ACADEMY, will open April 16, 1883, with Prof. LEWIS REITER as Principal. Students taught all the branches necessary to prepare for college. Boarding reasonable. 17jan

For low prices in job work, sale bills etc., call at the Reporter office, or, send your orders by mail. Try us. tf

J. N. LEITZEL, Auctioneer, Spring Mills—satisfaction guaranteed, and charges moderate. 11jan3t

——Go to Dinges, of the P. V. B. Store for the best and cheapest overcoats in this county, or any ready-made clothing for men or boys. There is no humbug about this.

Kitty's Prayer.

"The misthress is dyin', the docthors have said so.
Oh, who'd be a docthor, to bring us our deaths?
To sit by our beds, with a hand on the head so,
A feelin' the pulses, and countin' the breaths!
To drive to our doors in a vehicle stately,
Outs[illegible] the hand for a fee on the sly,
To settle our deaths for us very completely.
An' very contintedly lave us to die!

"The misthress is dyin'—it is such a pity—
The master just worships the ground 'neath her tread,
She's such a swate crathur, so smilin and pretty—
Is there no cross ould woman could go in her stead?
She trates us so kindly, we think it an honor
To larn from herself her own iligant ways;
I loved her the minute I set my eyes on her,
An' what will I do when she's dead if you plase?

"I hate our fine docthor! he ought to be cryin',
But smiled as he ran to his carriage an book,
Jist afther he told us the darlint was dyin'—
Shure if she recovered how quare he would look!
I know he's a janius—the best in the city—
But God's above all—even docthors—who knows
I am a poor little sarvint," says Kitty,
"But even a sarvint can pray, I suppose!"

So down on her knees, in a whirl of emotion,
With anger and grief in a terrible swing,
Her Irish tongue praying with utter devotion,
In faith that but few to their prayers can bring.
The poor little servant—her tears flowing over—
Implored with a force that my verse cannot give,
With the zeal of a saint, and the glow of a lover,
That, in spite of the doctor, the mistress might live.

The master sat close by his darling, despair in
His stupified sorrow—just holding her hand—
He prayed, to be sure, but no hope has his prayer in;
In fact, he was dazed, and could scarce understand,
Her delicate lips had a painful contraction,
Her sensitive eyes seeming sunken and glazed;
He knew in his heart there could be no reaction;
He just sat and saw her—in fact he was dazed.

A pallor less ghastly—the eyelashes quiver—
Life springs to the face in a sudden surprise—
Grim Death retrogrades with a sad little shiver—
She smiles at the master, her soul in her eyes!
A wonderful hope—is it hope? is it terror?
Leaps up in his heart while he watches his wife—
Is it life before death? is it fancy's sweet error?
Or is it—or can it be—verily life?

Oh, send for the doctor—death hangs on each minute—
They wait for his fiat as that of a god—
Who sagely remarks that there is something in it,
Granting leases of life with an autocrat's nod.
Joy rings through the house that was silent in sadness,
The master believes that he ne'er felt despair,
And Kitty the servant, laughs out, 'mid her gladness,
To think that they none of them knew of her prayer.
—Good Words.

Office of the F. M F Ins. Company, of Centre County, Pa.

CENTRE HALL January 8 1883.—In compliance with the provisions of their charter, the twenty-fifth annual statement of the transactions of the company is hereby presented.

ASSETS.

Bills receivable being premium notes due and payable by members for insurance the past year		$ 25 995 19
Paid on same		601 05
To which add tax No 12,	3,225 44	
Less per cent off for collection	196 27	3,729 17
Cash in treasury		284 09
Making the total available assets of the past year		$30,559 50

EXPENSES.

Compensation of Directors	160 31	
Salary of Sec'y	100 00	
Salary of Treas.	50 00	
Printing, rent, postage and stationery	79 78	
Election board	5 00	
Balance due Mrs J. W. Conley	81 72	
Stewart, Appraiser	4 54	
Balance due Sam'l Vanaries	134 00	
Sam'l Gramley int.	16 07	
C Dinges loss on goods and house	226 20	
J. W Evans loss on house	2000 00	
Prof. D M. Wolf loss on library	483 00	
Jos Baker, int.	3 00	
Mrs Whitehill loss on house	347 11	
Lot Kimport loss on farm implements	9 00	
Balance due John H. Neidigh	73 20	3,772 9
Total accruing assets and funds of the Comp. the past year less expenses		26,786 57
To which add notes of 1878-9-80 and 81		120,995 44
		147,782 01
Minus cash premiums		
Carpenters' risks cancellation tax on notes and exonerations		15,881 48
Making the total available assets of the Comp. this day		132,400 58
Face value of premium notes in force		139,211 68
Risks and insurances taken the past year	283,832 32	
Risks and insurances of 1878 9 and 1880 and 1881 in force	1,826,171 78	
Making the risks of the Comp. this day		$1,610,004 10
Amount outstanding		978 94

At an election held same day the following members were elected directors for the ensuing year: R G. Brett, John G Baily, Henry Keller, Jos Baker, Fred Kurtz, John K. Runkle, J. B. Fisher, S. J Herring, H E Duck, J H. Musser, Daniel Brumgart and Sam'l Gramley whereupon the new board organized and appointed the following officers: President Fred Kurtz; Vice Pres., S J Herring; Treasurer, Wm Wolf; Sec'y, D. F. Luse.

HENRY KELLER, Pres't.
D. F. LUSE, Sec'y. 11jan

GRAIN AND COAL YARD FOR SALE—The undersigned offers at private sale his valuable property at Spring Mills, consisting of HOUSE and LOT, COAL YARD, SHEDS, GRAIN HOUSE and OFFICE. This is a good business stand, located convenient to the railroad and every thing well arranged to carry on the grain and coal business. Possession given on 1st of April next. For terms and other particulars apply to J. D. LONG,
18 Jan 2t Spring Mills Pa.

Cards—Attorneys.

JOHN BLAIR LINN,
Attorney-at-Law,
Office on Allegheny street, Bellefont.
feb tf

D. F. FORTNEY,
Attorney-at-Law,
Office in old Conard building, Bellefonte.

C. T Alexander. C. M. Bower
ALEXANDER & BOWER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office in Garman's new building.

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney-at-Law
Collections promtly made and special attention given to those having lands or property for sale. Will draw up and have acknowledged Deeds, Mortgages, &c. Bellefonte, Pa.

J. L. SPANGLER, Attorney-at-Law
Consultations in English and German. Office in Furst's new building

Druggists.

J. ZELLER & SON,
DRUGGISTS, Bellefonte, Pa.
Dealer In
DRUGS, —— DRUGS,
CHEMICALS,
PERFUMERY,
FANCY GOODS, &c.
Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept.

Dentists.

DR G W. HOSTERMAN,
Dentist, Centre Hall.
Office at residence on Church street, opposite Lutheran Church. Will give satisfaction in all branches of his profession, Ether administered. 14apr

DR. S. G GUTELIUS,—
Dentist, Millheim. Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. my 2 78

Hotels.

New Brockerhoff House.

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE,
ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA.
G. G. McMILLEN, Prop'r.
Good Sample Rooms on First Floor.
Free Buss to and from all trains.
Special rates to witnesses and jurors. 31aug

BUSH HOUSE.
W. R. Teller, proprietor, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to country trade. june16y

BUTT'S HOUSE,
BELLEFONTE, PA
FRANK X LEHAM, Proprietor.
Best brands of Liquors and Cigars on hand. Good accommodations for Travelers and Commercial Men. Also Beer bottler. Terms reasonable. 29junf.

Banks.

PENN'S VALLEY BANKING CO.,
CENTRE HALL.
Receive Deposits and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities; Gold and Coupons.
WM. WOLF, Pres. W. D. MINGLE, Cashier

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO.
BELLEFONTE, PA.
(Late Milliken, Hoover & Co.)
Receive Deposits and Allow Interest;
Discount Notes;
Buy and Sell Government Securities; Gold and Coupons.
JAS. A. BEAVER, Pres. J. D. SHUGERT, Cashier

HARDWARE
HARDWARE.
HARDWARE

——{o}——

JAS. A. HARRIS, & CO.'
JAS. A. HARRIS, & CO.

——ARE SELLING——

REAPER SECTIONS AND
REAPER SECTIONS AND
REAPERS,
REAPERS,

And all kinds of Farming Tools,
RAKES, FORKS,
SCYTHES,
ROPE BLOCKS,
SPROUTS HAY FORKS, &c.

——AS WELL AS ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE TO MEET THE DEMANDS IN THIS LINE.

JAS. HARRIS & CO.

Rest not, life is sweeping by, go and dare before you die, something mighty and sublime leave behind to conquer time. $66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free No risk, everything new Capital not required. We furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want business at which you can make great pay all the time, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. 13aly

CUT THIS OUT.

AGENTS MAKE $15 TO 40 PER WEEK

We have stores in 15 leading cities, from which our agents obtain their supplies quickly. Our factories and principal offices are in Erie, Pa. Send for our New Catalogue and terms to Agents. Address
M N LOVELL,
523 French Street, Erie, Pa

Wise people are always on the outlook for chances to invest their surplus means, and fortune becomes wealthy; those who do not improve their opportunities remain in poverty. We want many men women boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfits furnished free. No one engaged fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. 13aly

A LARGE AND SPLENDID STOCK OF

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

—At—

WILLIAM WOLF & SON,

Equal to Any inthe County.

And far Superior to Most any other Stock.

—o—O—o—

Fine Dress Goods, latest styles—unrivaled for beauty,

Ladies only call and see it!

CLOTHING—Overcoats and suits for Men and Boys.

Hats, Notions, boots and shoes, all styles and every Variety. The PUREST and best GROCERIES. Sugar. Coffee, Teas, none but the best quality and best flavor.

Beats all for Bargains!

GOODS SOLD UNDER COST!

—o—

CLOSING OUT SALE!

—o—

BROCKERHOFF'S NEW STORE!

—o—

Now is the time for Bargains at Brockerhoff's Store. This is a rare opportunity for purchasing Goods as we will offer an immense stock of fine goods

U|N|D|E|R — C|O|S|T
U|N|D|E|R — C|O|S|T.

—o—

Will sell from day to day until every article is disposed of. This is a clearing out sale as we propose to quit the business and every article must de disposed of. The stock consists of all kinds of General Merchandise as

CALICOES DRESS GOODS,
FANCY GOODS, NOTIONS,
HATS, BOOTS AND SHOES
GROCERIES AND ALL KINDS OF GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

—(—)—

Have a full line of goods at the following prices:

Calicoes, the best	5 to 6 cts
Fine Dress Goods, wool	6 to 50 cts
All wool Cashmere	20 to 50 cts
Flannels	7 to 40 cts
Table Trimmings	17 to 20 cts

A large assortment of Clothing which will be disposed of at a sacrifice. Call early as goods are going fast.

Produce taken in exchange and the Highest market prices paid.

BROCKERHOFF'S STORE,
Centre Hall, Pa.

A Lecture to Young Men
ON THE LOSS OF

MANHOOD

A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment and Radical cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhœa induced by self-abuse, involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous debility and Impediments to marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, etc., by ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, M. D., and author of the "Green Book," etc.

The world renowned author, in this admirable lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without dangerous surgical operations, bougies, instruments, rings or cordials; pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands.

Sent under seal in a plain envelope, to any address, post paid, on receipt of six cents or two postage stamps. Address

THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO.
41 Ann St., New York, P. O. box, 450.

LEATHER!

—o—

ASK FOR GENESEE SOLE LEATHER IF YOU WANT THE BEST.

Calf Skins, Morocco, Linings, Lasts Thread, Nails, Pegs, Wax, Bristles, and all kinds of Shoe Findings on hand. We also make to order GENTS BOOTS, SHOES and GAITERS from the best of French Leather. Leave your orders and a perfect fit guaranteed.

E. GRAHAM & SON, Bellefonte

NOTED MEN!

DR. JOHN F. HANCOCK, late President of the National Pharmaceutical Association of the United States, says:

"Brown's Iron Bitters has a heavy sale, is conceded to be a fine tonic; the character of the manufacturers is a voucher for its purity and medicinal excellence."

DR. JOSEPH ROBERTS, President Baltimore Pharmaceutical College, says:

"I indorse it as a fine medicine, reliable as a strengthening tonic, free from alcoholic poisons."

DR. J. FARIS MOORE, PH. D., Professor of Pharmacy, Baltimore Pharmaceutical College, says:

"Brown's Iron Bitters is a safe and reliable medicine, positively free from alcoholic poisons, and can be recommended as a tonic for use among those who oppose alcohol."

DR. EDWARD EARICKSON, Secretary Baltimore College of Pharmacy, says:

"I indorse it as an excellent medicine, a good digestive agent, and a non-intoxicant in the fullest sense."

DR. RICHARD SAPINGTON, one of Baltimore's oldest and most reliable physicians, says:

"All who have used it praise its standard virtues, and the well-known character of the house which makes it is a sufficient guarantee of its being all that is claimed, for they are men who could not be induced to offer anything else but a reliable medicine for public use."

A Druggist Cured.

Boonsboro, Md., Oct. 19, 1880.
Gentlemen: Brown's Iron Bitters cured me of a bad attack of Indigestion and fullness in the stomach. Having tested it, I take pleasure in recommending it to my customers, and am glad to say it gives entire satisfaction to all."
GEO. W. HOFFMAN, Druggist.

Ask your Druggist for BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and take no other. One trial will convince you that it is just what you need.

SECHLERS!

—o—

NEW GOODS!

Just opened a full line of Choice Family

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS,

Such as

TEAS, COFFEES.
SUGARS, SPICES,
CANNED GOODS,
DRIED FRUITS,
MEATS,
NUTS,
OYSTERS,
FINE CANDIES.

FISH, SYRUPS, ETC.,

Together with

GLASS, CHINA, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE, AND HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES OF ALL KINDS.

at the lowest living prices. Goods are all newly bought, strictly fresh, and of the very best kind.

MEAT MARKET.

Beef of the choicest cattle, veal, pork and mutton, fresh and always on hand. 30 nov. tf

---

Over 5000 Druggists AND Physicians

Have Signed or Endorsed the Following Remarkable Document:

Messrs. Seabury & Johnson, Manufacturing Chemists, 21 Platt St., New York:

Gentlemen:—For the past few years we have sold various brands of Porous Plasters. Physicians and the Public prefer Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster to all others. We consider them one of the very few reliable household remedies worthy of confidence. They are superior to all other Porous Plasters or Liniments for external use.

Benson's Capcine Plaster is a genuine Parmaceutical product, of the highest order of merit, and so recognized by physicians and druggists.

When other remedies fail get a Benson's Capcine Plaster.

You will be disappointed if you use cheap Plasters, Liniments, Pads or Electrical Magnetic toys.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25cts. HEADS Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA. Feb. 8, 1883.

The Largest Paper in Centre County

Editorial Rooms.

The scene representing an editorial room difficulty in Milton Nobles' play of "Interviews" is very funny, but it is greatly exaggerated. The popular impression that an editorial room is a constant battle-ground, that the editors are being incessantly hounded for copy, that indignant subscribers rush in with complaints and horsewhips, that the editor is a persecuted creature—is all a fallacy. The average editorial room is a very quiet sort of a place—a spot where loafers are seldom tolerated, and where disturbances very infrequently occur.—The idea that the foreman is inveterately howling for copy is an erroneous one, invented probably by some amateur journalist, long ago, who did not know that all well regulated editors make it one of the important details of their business never to let the printers stand and charge time. The editorial room is not a luxurious spot, but it is invariably comfortably quiet. It is especially a rare field for the study of character. In the course of a brief year every phase of human nature passes before the eye of the editor in his sanctum, and it is there that the cant and hypocrisy of humanity are most frequently self-exposed.—The hollowness and rottenness of politicians are first detected by the editor, for the politician has a confidant in the editor. And it is so with merchants, lawyers, preachers, and every manner of man who steps into the editorial sanctum. If they are weak and hypocritical the editor is the first to discover it, for the editorial room is a sort of a disrobing room for the rest of the world—a chamber where people come and lay off their masks and toggery, and display their blemishes and weaknesses. To those who are in the secrets of the sanctum it is no wonder that editors are invariably the most confirmed of cynics. —*Denver Tribuae.*

Etiquette.

Etiquette is not as strict as it once was—as when, if a courtier sat on a red-hot stove by mistake, he had to roost there—and it is good form to compliment your hostess when she gives you a nice dinner. The Chinese, who think we are uncivilized, and that their table demeanor is perfect—claiming all things as they do, will probably claim they have taught us this. It is simply what the Kansas folk call "dead common sense." In China no conversation is allowed except upon remarks upon the food—complimentary, of course—as, for example, to the host:

"Oh, Beaming Sun, essence of gentility, deign to allow the miserable worm at your feet to remark (casually) that this chow-chow is prime!" or words to that effect.

In China all plunge chop-sticks, after a flourish in the air, at once, and it is horrid form to finish before anyone else does.

In India, especially in Lucknow, they are excruciatingly polite. Two natives once upon a time, fell into a ditch. You think they floundered out in a twinkling? They didn't anything of the kind. Politeness interferred; one said:

"When your honor rises, then I may get up."

"No, *your* honor must get up first," said the second.

"How can I take precedence of your honor? Never!"

Neither would consent to violate the laws of good breeding, and I fear they are lying there yet.

People who ask you to take part in amateur theatricals are not troubled in this way; they sometimes act as if missionary work were needed among them—they ask you to take a part and then make a "super" of you.—*Quiz.*

The New York *Herald* says leg weakness in fowls is caused either by old age or by the size and weight of the body being more than the legs can bear. In the latter case the treatment should be such as to give strength. Citrate of iron dissolved in ale should be added to the food which must not be of too fattening a nature. Keep plenty of lime and crushed bones in the poultry yard. In severe cases immerse the limbs in cold water.

J. G. Minnick Bedford Pa., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters relieved me of a serious attack of heartburn."

A London Club Story.

Talking about swagger, too much of this commodity has lately brought to grief a certain member of a well-known good third-rate London club. This gentleman is not only a confirmed "tuft-hunter," but one who, so far from admitting that any member of the "upper ten" could by any accident be unknown to him, is always ready to boast of close and intimate friendship with everyone who happens to have either rank or position. His failing is notorious; and three humorists determined to give him a lesson. Accordingly in the club billiard-room, one of their number, Mr. C., casually said: "Are you going to Lady L——'s to-night?" "No," replied the victim; "her ladyship will never forgive me; but the fact is I am fagged out, and good people are scarce, I think." "Quite right; "I'll make your apologies," said Mr. C.

Aghast at this unlooked-for proposition, but unable now to retreat from the position he had taken up, the only rejoinder of Mr. J. was a feeble "Thanks; I wish you would." Half an hour later, just as the trio were about to leave the club, unhappy Mr. J. drew Mr. C. aside, and, after some beating about the bush, was at last obliged to confess that he did not know Lady L., and begged Mr. C. not to mention his name to her. "All right," said his triumphant tormentor. "I won't; you may depend upon that, for I don't happen to know her myself!"—*Quiz.*

TRUE

"Piles, bleeding, painful, dreadful Piles,
Writes Patrick Cunningham;
"These drive away my joys and smiles,
Made me a wretched man;
But hearing of that wondrous cure,
Peruna, tried and true,
I tried it—now my blood is pure,
And so it will heal you!"

N. B. The Bad and Worthless Are never *imitated* or *counterfeited.*

This is especially true of a family medicine, and it is positive proof that the remedy *imitated* is of the highest value.

As soon as it had been tested and proved by the whole world that Hop Bitters was the purest, best and most valuable family medicine on earth, many imitations sprung up and began to steal the notices in which the press and people of the country had expressed the merits of H. B., and in every way trying to induce suffering invalids to use their stuff instead, expecting to make money on the credit and good name of H. B.

Many others started nostrums put up in similar style to H. B., with variously cunningly devised names in which the word "Hop" or "Hops" were used in a way to induce people to believe they were the same as Hop Bitters. All such pretended remedies or cures, no matter what their style or name is, and especially those with the word "Hop" or "Hops" in their name or in any way connected with them or their name, are imitations or counterfeits.

Beware of them. Touch none of them, but: Use nothing but genuine Hop Bitters, with a bunch or cluster of green Hops on the white label. Trust nothing else. Druggists and dealers are warned against dealing in imitations or counterfeits. (9)

CENTRE HALL

Carriage Shops.

J. W. HENNY & SAM'L SHOOP,
(Successors to J. O. Deininger.)

—:o:—

Manufacture and constantly keep on hand
CARRIAGES,
BUGGIES,
SPRING WAGONS,
SLEIGHS
and all kind of vehicles.

All work made of the best material, and put together by mechanics of long experience. Hence all work from these shops is guaranteed.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

Prices low and all work turned out first-class.

COME AND SEE OUR WORK
jan27

ENCOURAGING.

Having been encouraged by the steady increase of business, I have remodeled, painted and added to the external as well as to the internal appearance of my DRUG HOUSE, thereby making it more attractive to my customers. I would now thank my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, and solicit a continuance of the same. My stock is as neat full as possible. I am in complete communication with the principal Drug Houses of New York and Philadelphia and am supplied with cuts and price lists, and anything in my line not kept in stock, will be sent for at once and delivered at the same prices that it could be bought at if you went or sent yourself. I buy my drugs for cash, pay no discounts, which enables me to sell just as cheap as any other drug store in the county. All business between dealer and customers strictly confidential. J. D. MURRAY,
jun22tf Centre Hall.

NEW GROCERY
—AT—
—COBURN, PENN'A.—

—o—

R. F. Vonada will keep staple groceries, pure and fresh, and low in price.

COFFEES, SUGARS,
SYRUPS, TEAS,
CANNED GOODS,
DRIED FRUITS
HAM, DRIED BEEF
COAL OIL,
FISH, SALT
BEST OYSTERS
CRACKERS, &c. &c.

All kinds of Country Produce wanted, and highest market prices paid for it. 11jan1

NEW DEPARTURE.

—=‖o‖=—

Believing it to be the best for both merchant and customer that all dealings should be in cash, and following the example of most prominent and successful dealers, I have determined to do away with the credit system after the 17 of July, 1882. After this date the books will be closed and I will sell only

F—O—R—— C—A—S—H

or its equivalent.

Thankful to my customers for their past patronage, I hope to meet them in the future at my old stand where I am confident I can sell much CHEAPER THAN BEFORE, and LOWER than elsewhere. Have determined to give my customers the benefit of the new system.

PRODUCE will be taken in exchange for goods at highest market price. Respectfully,

I. J. GRENOBLE,
13july Spring Mills, Pa.

HARDWARE — STOVES.

In addition to our extensive stock of FARMERS, BUILDERS & BLACKSMITH supplies, we would call your attention to our stock of

Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the
CROWNING GLORY,
FORT ORANGE,
EASTLAKE AND
WELCOME HOME.

In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER
In Ranges the VICTOR & APOLLA.

A full asortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.

WILSON, McFARLANE & CO

"Penn's Valley Bargain Store"

TERMS—To take effect February 1st

Cash or its Equal.

NO OTHER TERMS.

Please notice change in Prices:

2000 yds. best Prints	4 cts.
2000 yds best Muslins	4½ cts
Dilworth Coffee	14 cts
Fine Rio Roasted Coffee 10 lb, for	$1 00
Rice 3 lb. for	25 cts
Peaches 3 lb for	25 cts
Prunes 3 lb for	25 cts

Everything reduced.

Each one pays for what he buys and no more.

Call and be convinced that you can buy cheaper for cash than credit.

VERY RESPECTFULLY,

Clevan Dinges.

GRAIN! GRAIN!

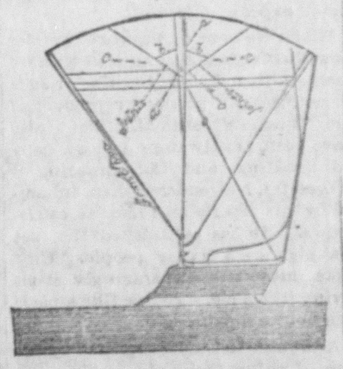
Highest market rates paid for all kinds of grain

COAL!

The subscriber keeps constantly on hand and for sale, Egg, Stove, Chestnut and Pea coal, at the lowest rates.

G. A. RUNK.
14dc3m Spring Mills

AUCTIONEER — The undersigned, having the reputation of a first class Salesman, with twenty years experience in Central Penn'a, selling Farms, Farm stock, Merchandise, &c., now offers his services to the citizens of Penn's valley and surrounding country. Charges moderate. Address, JOSEPH L. NEFF,
11jan3m Roland, Centre Co., Pa.



PATENT LOW TOP.

This is now the most popular top made, simple in its construction, and very graceful in appearance. Positively warranted to give satisfaction. Finished tops including body unpainted, finished tops with seat only or the skeleton of tops furnished on short notice.

Please inquire for the drop shifting rail and seat combined, a device by which the top may be thrown back without folding any curtains. Pat. allowed. Send for circulars.

LEVI MURRAY,
Carriages, Sleighs &c.
Centre Hall, Pa.

PE-RU-NA

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

$1,000

will be paid if any impurities or mineral substances are found in PERUNA, or for any case it will not cure or help. A

PERUNA is purely a vegetable compound. It is not equalled by any other medicine combined. Strong language, but it is true.

PERUNA is more extensively prescribed by honest physicians than any other half-dozen remedies known to the profession.

PERUNA positively cures Consumption, Chronic Catarrh, and all Lingering diseases.

As a Cough remedy, it has no equal. It positively cures all Coughs. You cannot take an overdose, as it contains no morphine.

For Intermittent Fever, Malaria, Fever, Dumb Ague, the Debility following Chills, located, be you young or old, male or female, give at once for PERUNA.

Ask your druggist for Dr. Hartman's pamphlet on "The Ills of Life," gratis.

For Piles and Pelvic Diseases, use

MAN-A-LIN

SNOW SHOE COAL!

The Snow Shoe Coal mined by James S. Summerville is for sale in Bellefonte at the yard of Alexander & Co. The run of the mines is the best Soft Coal offered for sale in Centre County and is sold at the lowest prices. 14dc4m

---

THE CREAM OF ALL BOOKS OF ADVENTURE.

PIONEER HEROES AND DARING DEEDS

The thrilling adventures of all the hero explorers and frontier fighters, with Indians, outlaws and wild beasts, over our Wide country, from the earliest times to the present. True and famous exploits of Daniel Boone, Kit Carson, Sitting Bull, Gen. Custer, Buffalo Bill, Gens. Miles and Crook, Sheridan, Sherman, Scouts, Rangers, Guides, Pioneers, Soldiers, Trappers, Hunters, Miners, Cowboys, Vigilantes, Stockmen, Rustlers, Packers, Deadwood Dick, Calamity Jane, Wild Bill, Texas Jack, Kit Carson, Jr., Generals Reno, Terry, Custer, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Ord, Howard, Gibbon, Forsyth, Wheaton, Hazen

As Good As Medicine.

Circumstances alter cases: Small boy at dinner table—"What! all that for grandpa?" Mamma—"No, darling, it's for you." Small boy—"Oh, what a little bit."

"Johnnie," said mamma to her little son, "didn't I tell you not to eat that candy until after dinner?" Johnnie who lisps: "I ain't eating the candy, I'm only thucking the juithe."

"I say, Jenkins, can you tell a young, tender chicken from an old, tough one?" "Of course I can." "Well, how?" "By the teeth." "Chickens have no teeth." "No, but I have."

"Speaking of cod, would you say the price has gone up or has risen?" inquired a school-boy of a fishmonger, "Well," replied the scale scraper, "speaking of cod, I should say it had roes."

When a young lady asked to look at a parasol the clerk said: "Will you please give the shade you want?" "I expect the parasol to give the shade I want," said the young lady.

Somebody estimated that every man who lives to be sixty years old has spent seven months buttoning his shirt collar. Thirty years more ought to be added for hunting up the collar button.

"Did you see the moon over your right shoulder, my dear?" said she to him as they roamed down the walk. "N-n-no, not exactly; but I just saw the old man over my left shoulder, and I'll bid you good-night."

An oil producer was requested to give a judgment note for a debt he owed, but firmly refused, saying: "No, sir, I will never sign a judgment note. I did it once, and I came very near having to pay it."

Why does a duck go into the water? For divers reasons. Why does it come out? For sundry reasons. Why does it go back? To liquidate a bill. Why does it come out again? To make a run on the bank.

A Missouri man got caught in a small whirlwind the other day, which raised him just a little way from the ground and shook him until all his buttons fell off. When the thing stopped he muttered: "Reckon I'll have to send for another pound of quinine."

At the bank: Clerk—"What do you wish, sir?" Ruffian—"Why, I just dropped in to tell you that I am the man that knocked down and robbed your cashier." Clerk—"Well, sir, I'm very sorry; but you'll have to indentify yourself, sir."

Words of Wise Men.

A babe in a house is a well spring of pleasure.—*Tupper.*

Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.—*Disraeli.*

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.—*Emerson.*

Who can all sense of others' ills escape,
Is but a brute, at best, in human shape.
—JUVENAL.

You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good.—*Lavater.*

We should look at the lives of all as at a mirror, and take from others an example for ourselves.—*Terence.*

It is only necessary to grow old to become more indulgent. I see no fault committed that I have not committed myself.—*Goethe.*

We should do by our cunning as we do by our courage—always have it ready to defend ourselves, never to offend others.—*Greville.*

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
—SHAKESPEARE.

Life, believe, is not a dream
So dark as sages say;
Oft a little morning rain
Fortells a pleasant day.
—CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—*Pope.*

There are many men who appear to be struggling against poverty, and yet are happy; but yet more, who, although abounding in wealth, are miserable.—*Tacitus.*

Choose for your friend him that is wise and good, and secret and just, ingenuous and honest, and in those things which have a latitude, use your own liberty.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Men of great parts are often unfortunate in the management of public business, because they are apt to go out of the common road by the quickness of the imagination.—*Swift.*

Though a soldier, in time of peace, is like a chimney in summer, yet what wise man would pluck down his chimney because his almanac tells him 'tis the middle of June.—*Tom Brown.*

Equality is one of the most consummate scoundrels that ever crept from the brain of a political juggler—a fellow who thrusts his hand into the pocket of industry and enterprising talent, and squanders their hard-earned profits on profligate idleness and indolent stupidity.—*Langstaff.*

Every mind seems capable of entertaining a certain quantity of happiness, which no institutions can increase, no circumstances alter, and entirely independent of fortune. Let any man compare his present fortune with the past, and he will, probably, find himself, upon the whole, neither better nor worse than formerly.—*Goldsmith.*

Agricultural.

Farm Talks.

The veteran journalist, Ben. Perley Poore, writes thus pleasantly under the head of "Farm Talks" in the *American Cultivator:*

Reading this morning the report of some eulogistic speeches made at a cattle show, it occurred to me that the people of New England do not appreciate the many obligations to the farmers, the pomologists, and the gardeners for the additions they have made to the comforts of social life.

Three hundred years ago the inhabitants of this region subsisted by hunting and fishing. Their meats were the flesh of the moose, the deer, the woodchuck, and the squirrel. Fish, including salmon, was then more abundant than it now is, as dams had not barred our streams, or the waste of factories poisoned their waters. There was no fruit, unless it may have been a very tart crab-apple. Nuts of different kinds were abundant. Indian corn, which was about the only agricultural product, was not indigenous, but had been brought from the South, and with difficulty coaxed to ripen in a Northern latitude. The aborigines plucked the earliest ears with the husks and braided several of them together for the next year's crop. The soil was scraped together with the shoulder-blades of a moose, forming a hill in which the corn was planted on an elwive or some other small fish as a fertilizer.

Cattle, which were known to the Indians, now exist here in every variety, and the best of all varieties. We have the Short-horn Durhams, which combine the qualities of abundant milk, of easy fattening, of early maturity, and of docility in the yoke; we have the Devons, an ancient race, brought by the first settlers of the New England coast, and fitted by their milking qualities for the dairy, by their delicate flesh for the slaughter-house, and by their quickness for farmwork; we have the Aryshires, copious givers of milk, strongly inclined to butter, with forms fitted for the butcher; we have the Alderneys and the Jerseys, charming pets for fancy farmers, with their rich milk, itself a cream; and then we have the Dutch or Holstein cattle, the Herefords, the Galloways, and half-a-dozen other fancy breeds, while some of the good qualities of every breed have gradually impregnated the old-fashioned native stock. The excellence of our cattle is due to the farmers. By judicious crossing animals are created who convert into milk or beef whatever we may give them who give an abundance of milk if milk is wanted, an abundance of fat if beef is desired, and who, coming earlier into the dairy or the market, save a whole year's expense of feeding.

When we come to hogs we wonder how the Indians ever existed without them, although our Hebrew friends do not use any portion or product of the "unclean" animal. They also have been greatly improved by careful breeding, and Col. Lincoln, of Worcester, has rendered them immortal by his reports on them at cattle-shows. He has established the fact that pigs are a happy people. City folks may talk disparagingly about living like a pig. To live like a pig is to live like a gentleman.

Although it is not permitted by the laws of nature that a pig should laugh or even smile, he enjoys the next blessing of humanity—the disposition to grow fat. How easily he goes through the world! He has no fancy stocks to buy, no bank-notes to pay, no indignation meetings to hold. He has no occasion to take the benefit of the bankrupt act, or to have his estate confiscated to defray the expenses of the settlement. Free from all the troubles that disturb the busy world, he is as unconcerned among the changes of the earthly affairs as was the citizen who was awakened in the earliest light of morning by being told day was breaking. "Well," said he, as he turned again to his repose, "let day break—he owes me nothing."

Then there are the sheep in all their varieties, which would be an important element in the agricultural wealth of New England if farmers could be protected against the miserable curs which infest the country, and which in many sections render it impossible to raise a flock of sheep. It is to be hoped that the day will come when the farmer who pays large taxes, and who has a right to have his property protected by the laws, can visit the pasture in which he has a flock of sheep without finding some of them killed and others mangled by the worthless hounds of some city fellow who imagines himself a sportsman, and goes about the country knocking down old fences and killing the small birds so badly needed to destroy insects.

Sheep—Breeds for Various Soils.

Where sheep have been kept in the same locality for several generations the type becomes very much influenced by the soil on which they are kept. On the light dry soils or in hilly regions the pasture is scant, but rich, and the winter keep is generally destitute of succulent food. Under such conditions any brood of sheep will become smaller, finer, and, if on large ranges, more leggy. The wool also varies with both soil and climate, becoming lighter in weight on poorer soils and coarser in fiber on rich soils and in warmer climates. Of course, types as influenced by soil are subject to variations under difference in care and amount of food, as for instance, a light soil furnishing rich food, though small in quantity might, if lightly stocked, grow as large stock as rich soil fully stocked; but this would not be the natural tendency under ordinary circumstances.

The Transhumantes, or traveling Merino flocks of Spain, were slim, long-legged sheep, considering their size, which was due, no doubt, to the scant herbage and the long distance they were accustomed to travel between their summer and winter pasturage. Brought to the United States and placed on small ranges, with better feed and care, they increased in size and decreased in length of leg. The same sheep on the rich, cultivated soils of France, and with high feeding became very large, more than double their former size, in a period of sixty years. Selection had something to do with this result, but without the rich food it could never have been accomplished.

The various mutton breeds of England show the effect of soils in establishing types. The Southdown in its early history was bred without particular care in selection, and affords a good instance of what soil will do in establishing a type. They are described as having inhabited the hilly portions of England from the most ancient periods of known history of that country. In the southern part of the country there is a range of low hills underlaid with chalk which descend gradually on the south to the seacoast, and on the north merge into rich, cultivated lands. These low hills or "downs" have a dry soil, and are covered with a rich, sweet, dense herbage. Without special care this soil produced such sheep as these, from a description given of them before Ellman took hold of them. "Long and thin in the neck, narrow in the forequarters, high in the shoulders, low behind, sharp on the back and with flat ribs, their only points being a good leg." Their mutton, however, chiefly from the excellent character of the pasture, was of the best flavor and highly valued.

The black-faced Scotch sheep, an old breed in Scotland, are another instance of the effect of soil and also climate in the production of a type. They inhabit the hills where Norval's "father fed his flock," where wolves and foxes frequent. They have a life of continual exposure upon bleak and storm-beaten mountains, cold rains and mists, with deep snows in winter; covered in drifts they are many times compelled to subsist on heather, dug from under the snow.

This location and fare produces "a horned breed, the horns of the rams being massive and spirally curved, the muzzle is thick, the eye bright and wild, the body square and compact. They are strong, muscular and active, although not a heavy sheep in net weight of mutton.

On the contrary the low, rich soils have produced the heavy Lincoln and the improved Cotswold and the Leicester. All classes of stock show this adaptation to soil and climate, but none so plainly as sheep.

The lesson to be learned from this is that sheep should be selected with reference to the soil on which they are to be reared and fed. Of course under artificial methods they can be made to do well in localities where they would not do so in a natural state. As a rule the forage on light, dry or hilly soils, being dryer and the grass thinner and perhaps sweeter, is adapted to growing fine wool or light mutton of the best quality, while the heavy soils furnish grass and forage succulent and abundant, well suited for the production of large carcass with early maturity.

The idea advanced by a New York dairyman that breeds should be made adapted to locality is a good one, in so far as it implies that the selection of a breed should be made with reference to its adaptability to the soil. Of course the demands of the nearest and most profitable market must be first taken into account, but, other things being equal, the best success will follow the selection of a class of sheep adapted to the soil and climate where they are to be reared.—*Detroit Post.*

Buying a Parson's Horse.

Major Gale Faxon bought a horse from the pastor of an Austin church, and shortly afterward the following conversation was heard: "You have swindled me with that horse you sold me last week." "How so?" asked the clergyman, very much surprised. "Well, I only had him for three days when he died. "That's very strange. I owned him twenty-three years and worked him hard every day, and never knew him to do that while I owned him."

A Mother's Touch.

In one of the fierce engagements near Mechanicsville a young Lieutenant of a Rhode Island battery had his right foot so shattered by a fragrant of a shell that, on reaching Washington after one of those horrible ambulance rides and a journey of a week's duration, he was obliged to undergo amputation of the leg. He telegraphed home, hundreds of miles away, that all was going well, and with a soldier's fortitude composed himself to bear his sufferings alone. Unknown to him, however, his mother, who had read the report of his wound, was hastening to see him. She reached Washington at midnight, and the nurses would have kept her from seeing her son until morning. One sat by his side, fanning him as he slept, her hand on his feeble, fluctuating pulse. But what woman's heart could resist thep leading of a mother then? In the darkness she was finally allowed to glide in and take a place at his side. She touched his pulse as the nurse had done. Not a word had been spoken, but the sleeping boy opened his eyes and said: "That feels like my mother's hand. Who is this beside me? It is my mother! Turn up the gas and let me see my mother." The two dear faces met in one long, joyful, sobbing embrace. The gallant fellow, just 21, had his leg amputated on the last day of his three years service, underwent operation after operation, and at last, when death drew nigh, resigned himself in peace, saying: "I have faced death too often to fear it now."

The Experience of a Man who was Nigh Unto Death.

There is a general understanding that freezing to death is an agreeable mode of quitting the world, and many persons who have come near to making their exit in that manner confirm the common belief. James Humphrey, a Canadian who nearly froze to death in a recent storm while driving homeward from Wallacetown to Aldborough, has given the following description of his experience to the St. Thomas *Times:* "When he felt no longer able to hold the reins with any grip he determined to seek shelter in the first house until well warmed. His tongue became stiff, then his arms, sharp chills ran through his back, and finally it seemed as though his whole body was being congealed, causing an almost total cessation of the heat's action. This condition of extreme suffering and despondency speedily gave place to a feeling of grateful warmth suffusing the system and causing an exhilarating glow. By this time he had reached a house, but he drove on, thinking that nothing was now to be feared. The sleigh, instead of crawling along at a snail's pace appeared to glide through the air with great swiftness, and the horses fairly flew like pigeons. A sense of exultation filled the farmer's breast as he urged the horses to a greater speed, and the woods on each side were passing so quickly that they became indistinguishable black lines. Then the sleigh bells sounded fainter until the chimes disappeared in the distance, the farmer fell gradually into a delicious slumber, which came near being the sleep that knows no waking, and he knew no more until brought to life under a vigorous treatment.

Religious Books Among the People.

"If," said the late Daniel Webster to a friend, "religious books are not widely circulated among the masses of this country, and the people do not become religious, I do not know what is to become of us as a nation," and the thought is one to cause solemn reflection on the part of every patriot and Christian. If truth be not diffused, error will be; if God and his word are not known and received, the devil and his agency will gain the ascendency; if the evangelical volume does not reach every hamlet, the pages of a corrupt and licentious literature will; if the power of the gospel is not felt through the length and breadth of the land, anarchy and misrule, degradation and misery, corruption and drunkenness, will reign without mitigation or end. Religious papers are as valuable as religious books.—*Exchange.*

A Young Speculator.

A bright-eyed and neatly dressed lad, with Jewish features, was arraigned before Justice Smith, in the Tombs Police Court, N. Y., on a charge of fighting in the streets. He said his name was Henry Lichtenstein, aged 15 years, of No. 64 Christopher street, and then startled these around him by saying that he was a speculator. "Yes, Judge Smith, I know your name, because I used to live opposite you. I am a speculator, and support my mother and sister. I buy goods at pawnbrokers' sales and then pawn them again, usually with a large profit. I make from $8 to $15 per week." "Smart boy; you may go," said the Judge.

The Stock Sanitarium.

Giving Medicines to Animals.

Prof. D. D. Slade, presents some valuable rules for administering medicines to animals in the November *American Agriculturist.*

In giving a drench to a horse, a horn should be used in preference to the bottle, for fear of breakage. Standing at the right shoulder, raise the head with the left hand under the jaw, and with the right hand pass the lip of the horn into the side of the mouth, and empty its contents, the head being kept up until they are swallowed. If the animal is violent, place a twitch upon the nose to be held by an assistant; or if he refuses to open the mouth, the tongue may be gently held to one side, the horn introduced, quickly emptied, and the tongue liberated at once. Under all circumstances, the greatest gentleness must be exercised. Nothing can be gained by impatience or harsh treatment.

For the ox or cow, liquid medicine is preferable, given from the bottle rather than the horn. The bottle is more manageable, and one is less tempted to use it to pry open the jaws, and perhaps thus lacerate the tongue also. Elevate the head only enough to prevent the liquid running from the mouth. The bottle should not be pushed back far into the throat. The tongue should be left free. The following is a very neat and efficacious method: If standing, place the left side of the animal against a wall, and standing on the right side seize hold of the upper jaw by passing the left arm over the head, and bending the latter far round to the right, slightly elevating it. With the right hand pour the contents of the bottle into the mouth at its angle, using the least possible force.

Look After Your Stock.

It is time that some provision be made for the comfort of farm stock. Where house room is not possible, good shelter can be made easily and cheaply by building rail pens, and covering them with straw, cornstalks, or even leaves from the woods, which can be held in place by brush. The latter is, however, a most shiftless way, but better than no protection.

A farmer that will allow stock to hunt shelter from the cold winds and storms of winter in the corner of fences, or the leeside of a stable, corn crib or out house of any kind, will be reckless of home comforts to the same degree. More than twice the amount of food will be consumed by a brute which is thus exposed, and even then their condition will be worse in the spring than those that have had shelter and been kept comfortably warm through the winter, and only half-fed.

Straw can be stacked on a frame of wood in such a way as to give protection to a large number of cattle, sheep or horses underneath, and the saving of fodder will pay the cost, for when straw is not protected in some way, half of it is tramped in the mud and lost. Straw racks are best if made substantial, and if so, will answer the purpose for which they are built for years.—*South and West.*

A Young Man's Peril.

They were in to see a lawyer yesterday—Mary Ann and her mother. Mary Ann was a little embarrassed, but the old woman was calm. When they spoke about a breach of promise case, the lawyer asked:

"What evidence have you got?"

"Mary Ann, produce the letters," commanded the mother, and the girl took the cover off a willow basket and remarked that she thought 927 letters would do to begin on. The other 651 would be produced as soon as the case was fairly before the Court.

"And outside of these letters?" queried the lawyer.

"Mary Ann, produce your diary," said the mother. "Now turn to the heading of 'Promises,' and tell how many times this marriage business was talked over."

"The footing is 214 times," answered the girl.

"Now turn to the heading of 'Darling,' and give us the number of times he has applied the term to you."

"If I have figured right the total is 9254 times."

"I guess you counted pretty straight, for you are good in arithmetic. Now turn to the heading of 'Woodbine Cottage,' and tell us how many times he has talked of such a home for you after marriage."

"The footing is 1895 times."

"Very well. This lawyer wants to be sure that we've got a case. How many times has Charles Henry said he would die for you?"

"Three hundred and fifty," answered the girl as she turned over a leaf.

"How many times has he called you an angel?"

"Over 11,000, mamma."

"How about squeezing hands?"

"Over 384,000 squeezes."

"And kisses?"

"Nearly 417,000."

"There's our case," said the mother, as she deposited basket and diary on the lawyer's table. "Look over the documents, and if you want anything further I can bring in a dozen neighbors to swear to facts. We sue for $10,000 damages, and we don't settle for less than an eighty-acre farm, with buildings in good repair. We'll call again next week. Good day, sir."

A Wise Request.

The widow, who died in 1880, of a surgeon named Bradshawe, left $5000 to the English College of Surgeons, as much to the College of Physicians, to provide for an annual lecture to bear his name. The first was given last month by that great surgeon and most cultivated man, Sir James Paget on "Some Rare and New Diseases." It abounds with research and interest. He said that of course many diseases that seem new—Bright's disease, for instance—have merely been overlooked, but however much of what seems to be new we may justly ascribe to previous oversight, there yet seems to be evidence enough that new diseases are in progress of evolution. Of a peculiar joint disease discovered by M. Charcot, Sir James said: "I believe there is not an old specimen (of bones so diseased) in our museums, there is not one in the Musee Dupuytren, I cannot find a notice or illustration of one, and yet this disease is now so far from being rare that Dr. Buzzard has had nine cases under his eye at one time." After giving several other interesting illustrations, Sir James said in all these facts there is enough not indeed to prove, but to justify, the belief that we have here examples of diseases which have appeared in this country for the first time within the century, and have since become sufficiently frequent and acquired sufficiently constant and distinctive character to be described in general terms and called by new names. His hypothesis is that such diseases are among the instances of the results of morbid conditions, changing and combining in transmission from parents to offspring. Sir James laid very great stress on the value of museums, in which changes of structure may be preserved for study and comparison. "We ought to have in our museums specimens in which we might study all the gradations of change of structure from type to type, all the changes due to mingling of forms, all varieties of diseases, all hybrid forms. We need to be able to study all these things as the naturalist or comparative anatomist needs his specimens."

Monsieur, Mr. and Mrs.

Those whose knowledge of French is limited to the word "monsieur," and they are legion, may, after reading the following remarks on that word in a French paper, at least congratulate themselves that they pronounce it rightly. Others, again, to whom "depuis" "Neuilly" and such words offer insuperable obstacles, will be surprised to learn that the pronunciation of "monsieur" is a sort of Parisian shibboleth. It was not till the fifteenth century that "monsieur" was evolved from *meum senierem.* At this time the ending was fully pronounced with its *r*, as in "sieur" nowadays; but when the word ceased to be exclusively applied to the nobility about the end of the seventeenth century, the frequency of the appellation caused the slipshod pronunciation that is so interesting a fact to philologists, and the *r* was dropped. The first syllable which was pronounced "moun" in the sixteenth century, and which has perhaps survived in the nautical word used by Jack Tar, of Dibdin, "mounseer," became modified to *mo*, though there is a learned dispute as to whether this is not a part of the *langue d'oil.* Then, "mo-sieu" became "mesieu," which is generally pronounced as "m'sieu" in 1882, or if one wishes to talk as a real *gavroche* "m'seu." Perhaps some one in this country will trace for us the vicissitudes of the word "mistress" in its degradation to Mrs., or of master to Mr.

Etiquette in China.

A most ridiculous charge was lately brought against a eunich named Sun Ying-jui by one of the Censors at Peking. The man was accused of having actually had the impudence to call at the Censor's private house one afternoon, and, not finding him at home, to dare to leave his card. The mere fact that the eunich should go outside the palace was bad enough, but that he should presume so far as to call upon an officer possessed of the right to address the Throne was nothing less than an outrage, and the man was handed over to the Comptroller of the Household for severe punishment. That functionary, however, reported to the Throne next day that such a person as is described as having committed the offence in question did not exist. There was no eunich named Sun Ying-jui in the palace. The police have therefore been instructed to find out who it was that assumed the character of a eunich and went to call upon the Censor.

Doctor Carajo's Patient.

Doctor Carajo sat in his verandah, smoking a cigar. His chair was a curious bamboo structure, of Japanese manufacture. The doctor sat in the clear shadow, and gazed out meditatively upon a lovely prospect of semi-tropical sea and shore. His house, built in the Spanish style, stood on height at the verge of the antique town—a town of narrow, irregular streets, and high-shouldered buildings with projecting windows and arched doorways. It had not altered in hundreds of years, save to grow grayer, more indolent and more venerable.

In this lovely and forgotten spot Dr. Carajo had lived three years. Not every man could have made himself part of such a community without occasioning a great deal of excitement and remark; a stranger was nowhere so much a stranger as in that ancient town. But Doctor Carajo had ventured into the still and immemorial life of the place as quietly and unremarkably as a shadow of the evening. Quiet and reserved he was of manner, but he was in no sense an insignificant man.

In his bearing toward others he was courteous but wholly cold and unimpassioned. His reputation in the community was unrivaled, and people consulted him as they might have consulted some wise volume containing infallible remedies for bodily ills Doctor Carajo, in brief, held the position of a kind of physical Providence, little thought about until he was needed, and then trusted implicitly. Professionally he was known to everyone; personally, to none.

II.

As Doctor Carajo sat smoking in his chair that sunny afternoon, the noise of a carriage proceeding up the street, attracted his attention. Without altering his position he allowed his eyes to rest upon the vehicle and its occupant. The latter was a woman dressed in white. She was in the prime of her youth and beauty, but her anxious and nervous manner showed evidences of acute distress of mind. As Doctor Carajo looked upon her his eyes dilated and his face flushed; then he grew very pale. He leaned back in his chair as if to conceal himself from view.

The wheels stopped before his door, and the bell sounded in the court below. By the time the servant arrived with the information that a lady was below who desired to see him on a matter of life and death, he appeared no less serene and impressive than usual.

"Bring hither a chair for the lady," he said, "and say that I await her."

Having given these directions the Doctor rose from his chair and remained leaning negligently against the stone balustrade of the balcony, with his face toward the room which opened upon it. As she set foot on the balcony the Doctor bowed his head courteously.

"Doctor Carajo," she began, speaking abruptly and impetuously, "I was told to come to you—that no one but you could cure my husband—"

At that word the Doctor raised his head and looked his visitor in the face, while a faint, contemptuous smile quivered for an instant beneath his gray mustache.

The lady stopped short, her beautiful lips apart, and her great eyes fixed in a gaze of seeming amazement and dismay. Presently she muttered some unintelligible words, raised her hands across her bosom with a gesture of fear or of repulsion, and her face and neck crimsoned with a hot blush.

The Doctor contemplated her a few moments, and then said coldly: "Be seated, madam. Your husband, you were about to say—?"

"I should not have come—they said Doctor Carajo——"

"You were rightly informed, madam. I am Doctor Carajo, and I alone can cure your husband—if he be curable. You may place every confidence in me."

"Oh, what shall I do?" murmured the lady, pressing her hands over her face. She stood dizzedly and would have fallen had not the Doctor by a light touch guided her to a chair. She sank down, a tremor passed through her body and her eyes closed.

"You appear yourself to be indisposed, Madam," observed the Doctor. "The heat outside is great and you have over-exerted yourself. This scent will revive you," and as he spoke he held to her nostrils a small phial containing a pungent perfume. "You ask me what you should do," he continued. "You should, in my opinion, lose no time in telling me the circumstances to which I owe your visit. If your husband's case is so precarious as I am given to understand, a delay might prove fatal."

"Would you not be more fatal than any delay?" demanded the lady, fixing her eyes upon him.

"You are scarcely complimentary," returned the Doctor, with a smile. "I would do my best for him, as for any other human creature intrusted to my care. Nevertheless, if you deem it best to seek assistance elsewhere—you know me well enough to know that I leave you free to do what you will."

"Yes, I know you in that speech," exclaimed the lady, in a low but passionate tone. "You would leave me free—too free. You say you would do your best for any human creature left to your care; but the human soul intrusted to your care you would leave free to fall into temptation and be destroyed! But, perhaps, God will be more merciful than you think."

"I will not say I am surprised at you attacking me, Madame," said the Doctor quietly; but I cannot pretend that, under the circumstances, I understand it."

A brief silence ensued; then the lady leaned forward, her hands clasped on her knees, and her face raised toward Doctor Carajo, who still remained leaning negligently against the balustrade of the balcony.

"I am at your mercy," she said; "and even such a revenge as yours should be satisfied to see me here imploring your help. I take all the blame of what has been upon myself. But no punishment you could inflict on me could be half so humiliating as this which I inflict on myself. I ask you to save him! In asking it I give my life for his; for after such a degradation, life would be a burden and a shame. If you have been waiting all these years for a chance to wreak your hatred on me, your time has come. It will never come again!"

The wild and reckless emphasis of this appeal, enhanced by the hushed voice in which it was spoken, seemed to have some effect upon Doctor Carajo. He stroked his gray mustache and meditated a little.

"Do you love this—husband of yours, Madam?" he finally inquired.

"Enough to beg his life at your hands," she answered, sinking on her knees.

"As a physician," continued Doctor Carajo, "I have my professional customs. While always ready to exercise my skill in behalf of human suffering, I demand in return certain equivalents. From some one thing, from some another, money but seldom, for I am wealthy; but I compel my patients to feel that when the cure is effected we are but quits. I have already told you that it will give me pleasure to attempt the relief of your husband; but I omitted to mention the equivalent. Are you prepared to give it?"

"Anything—even my life!"

"Not your life, by any means. I shall merely require you, as soon as he is restored to health, to leave this town, never to return. You will leave it alone, concealing from your husband your route and destination. Never henceforth will you either see him or hold any manner of communication with him. Do you agree?"

The lady had risen to her feet, and was pressing one hand over her heart. Her eyes searched Dr. Carajo's countenance with terrible intensity. "Will you fulfill your part of the contract?" she demanded.

"I will," he replied.

Her bosom rose and fell rapidly, her face quivered, and was now pale, now red. At last she said with a gasp, as if her words tore her life up by the roots: "Then I consent. God hear me, and judge between us!"

"Be it so," rejoined the Doctor, gravely. "And now, if you please, I will accompany you to your husband. On the way you will inform me as to his ailment. He shall be brought to my house, and you shall witness my treatment of him. Afterward—" he made a significant gesture. The lady moved her head in assent. But as they left the balcony a thought struck her, and she turned again.

"You will not let him know that you—are—?"

"I will let him know that I am Doctor Carajo, Madam, said the other, bowing coldly and making way for her to pass.

III.

Doctor Carajo's private room was as cool, as quiet and as secluded as the Doctor himself. The floor was of fine Pompean mosaic, partly covered with rugs of delicately woven Indian matting. A delicious coolness and fragrance prevaded the apartment which was entirely removed from all outside noises and influences.

Three persons were present in this room—Doctor Carajo, the lady and a man who lay at full length upon the couch. He was tall and powerfully formed, with broad shoulders and massive limbs. His features expressed strength and vigor; too rugged to be called handsome, but full of masculine pith and ability. Upon his forehead and on his arms, which were bare, appeared a number of small spots or blotches of a purplish hue. But for a slight intermittent movement of the chest, indicating a subdued respiration, the man might have been supposed to be dead.

"The opiate will exhaust its effect in a few minutes," observed Doctor Carajo, bending over his patient and eying him critically.

"How long will this last?" asked the lady, who had now assumed a demeanor outwardly as quiet and self-possessed as the Doctor's own.

"We may expect three separate stages," the Doctor answered," extending over several hours.

"Is there any hope?" asked the lady.

"The poison is one of the most insidious and deadly known to science, and also one of the rarest," the Doctor replied

"I have an antidote here which, had it been given immediately, would, have overcome the evil."

"And how should you give it now?" demanded the lady.

"It would still counteract the poison, but at the expense of the patient's life. He has not now the strength to undergo the necessary struggle."

"What shall you do?"

"I shall administer drugs which will have the double effect of increasing the vital power and weakening the action of the poison. Human skill can do no more. Hush! he will open his eyes in another moment. He must not be aware of your presence. Step into that alcove and make no sound. You can there see all that passes. Let nothing that he may say induce you to discover yourself unless I give you the sign."

The lady moved to the side of the couch, bent quickly and kissed the forehead of the half conscious man and then drew back and vanished behind the curtain of the alcove.

IV.

The man drew a deep and quick breath, moved slightly on his cushions and opened his eyes. "You are my physician, I suppose? I feel better—free from pain and more strength—thanks to your skill, no doubt. How soon do you promise to have me up again?"

"It is now 6 o'clock in the morning," said Dr. Carajo. "By this noon, at furthest, the crisis will have passed."

"The crisis! Humph! Then I'm not out of danger yet? Tell me the truth, Doctor; I'm not afraid to hear it. Death or life—which is it?"

"Since you have chosen to ask, I will reply," said the Doctor, after a pause. "You may live, but it is more probable that you will die."

"Humph! Well, such is life—and death. I have lived—I have been alive—as much as most men. And this is to be the end? The end! A strange idea, that!" He was silent a moment or two, and then said: "Where is Lenore?"

A slight contraction overshadowed the Doctor's brow and passed away again.

"I presume you refer to your wife?" he said.

"Certainly—the woman I love—my wife, if there's any meaning in words. Where is she?

"It was indispensable, for her sake and your own, that she should remain apart from you for the present. She will be summoned as soon as safety will allow, or as soon as hope vanishes."

"Poor darling! What would become of her were I to go?" muttered the patient half to himself. "I must tighten my grip for her sake. Not die! no—no! She gave herself to me, body and soul, and I must stand by her to the end. There, again—the end! Is this it? It isn't what I expected. Me to die, and she to live on? It mustn't be! my darling—my Lenore! What a life we have had these three years past! what a love! Never a day's shadow; never a regret. Ha! Doctor, you are there, arn't you?—and I've probably been thinking aloud, as my habit is. Well, I like your face; your're a cold man, but an honest one. You may hear whatever comes; and maybe 'twould be as well to make you my father-confessor out and out! You're as honest as any jack-priest of 'em all—eh, Doctor?"

"I have never betrayed the confidence of man or woman," said Doctor Carajo, quietly.

"Humph! Well, I am myself indifferently honest, as the world goes, but I can't speak quite so fair of myself as that. But 'tis society saps our principles. What law is so strong as the love of a man for a woman? And the strongest must win. Sin and virtue are a matter of words—be the responsibility his who utters them, and the suffering his who believes them. The wise man knows he is free and that life is short, and the fire of youth burns but once. The treasure belongs to him who can keep it; vain to buy it with money or bind it with cords or with vows. It will go where it belongs, and there 'tis safe."

"What, then, do you hold love to be?" inquired Dr. Carajo.

"I hold love to be all that my blood and marrow, my flesh and pulses and my five senses tell me that it is—the delight of a man in what is strange, yet familiar; like, yet unlike; man, yet woman; forbidden, yet allowed. Love is passion—incarnate happiness; a surrender that is victory; to receive by giving; the generosity of selfishness; a fire that creates by consuming; a madness that is wisdom. It is the inarticulate language that transcends all languages—the sweet speech of flesh to flesh. There's a string of paradoxes, for you, doctor, whereof you will comprehend nothing. Nor do I myself, for the matter of that; I only know that the look and touch of a certain woman will take a certain man captive, body and bones; and that the more he is captive the better he likes it. That was my case. I found a treasure made for me to enjoy; 'twas said that another man owned it, but I knew naught of him. If it were his he would have kept it. I have proved my right to it; and if it were to take over again I would take it!"

"Love, therefore, is wholly a physical matter?" said Doctor Carajo, with a smile.

"Yes; and yet by that inspiration man has invented poetry, and the soul, and Heaven, and all manner of the like glorious hallucinations. Love cannot die, we say; no—nor will the sun ever cease to warm the cold, or water to refresh the thirsty. But neither sun nor water, nor love itself, will animate the dead; so what is one more than the other?"

"Surely a convincing argument," remarked Doctor Carajo, still smiling, and with a glance toward the curtained alcove. "And lovers parted on earth are parted forever. The only wonder is that, for so slight a cause, a man should compromise himself so deeply. The world is wider than a woman's arms; and power, learning and revenge are sweeter than her kiss."

"I have not found them so," replied the other, closing his eyes.

A long silence followed, during which Doctor Carajo's patient seemed to lie in a half-waking dream. The physician watched him carefully. And all this time Doctor Carajo kept his face averted from the alcove, whence came no sound nor movement.

When, at length, the patient opened his eyes once more, a change was manifest in his appearance. His voice had lost its depth and strength, but was clearer and more penetrating than before. The expression of his countenance was composed and meditative.

"Where is Lenore?"

"Her time has not yet come," replied the Doctor.

"My mind beholds her clearly," rejoined the other. "My thoughts dwell with her and commune with her own. In that sympathy of mind all love consists. Without it, the blind passion of the heart and the senses are misleading and mischievous. They are the force, but intellect is the guide; and when their force is gone, the intellect remains true to its choice. The delight of love is in the persecution of its harmonies, and age, sickness or absence has no power to obscure it."

"Then, were you to see Lenore no more it would not disturb you?" asked the Doctor.

"Bodily presence is not without its uses," answered the other, calmly. "To be a king you must have a subject, and the body is the subject of the mind. By ruling it the mind realizes and confirms its aims and conclusions; and on the other hand the body, by its suggestions and limitations, sets the mind in motion and gives it strength. Without the body love would be a dream; as, without the mind it would be but a sensual and promiscuous instinct. Nevertheless, love having once attained bodily incarnation, I conceive that henceforth the actual association together of the lovers is of secondary importance; though, perhaps, the mind needs to be refreshed occasionally by renewed intercourse with its mate, providing it with fresh incidents and developments to consider and interpret."

"Your philosophy is certainly persuasive," observed Doctor Carajo. "But, from this point of view, what think you of the so-called sanctity of the marriage bond?"

"It is an ingenious device for the preservation of outward social order," said the other, "but not in itself worthy of an intellectual man's respect. The laws of the mind are evidently above the control of social laws. Were all men ruled, as they ought to be, by the intellect, bonds of any kind, marriage or other, would cease to be. Households would still exist and families would be reared; but the free intercourse of mind with mind, with all that that implies, would be admitted, and, as a consequence, the passion of jealousy would vanish along with other relics of barbarism. In other words, marriage based upon intellectual sympathy would no longer be checked by marriages of merely material convenience, and immorality would disappear with the artificial morality which has created it."

"A desirable consummation, indeed," remarked Doctor Carajo. "And so you would, without repugnance, behold Lenore in possession of another of more sympathetic intellectual endowments than yourself?"

"The question seems a fair one," returned the other, doubtfully; "but I have, perhaps, omitted some essential point in my analysis. Allowing the possibility that such an intellect as you suppose might exist, I still cannot conceive him as having rights over Lenore. The fact that we have belonged to each other has created between us something that did not exist before and which cannot be removed; something neither physical nor intellectual, yet more substantial than either. I confess it perplexes me and my mind is weary. I must rest awhile before considering it further."

And even as he spoke, he sank into a lethargy.

V.

The interval between this stage and the final one lasted but a few minutes, but was marked by even a greater change in the aspect of the patient.

The light in his eyes had the appearance of proceeding from some source beyond matter, and to see things which material sight has no cognizance of. His voice, reduced almost to a whisper, nevertheless thrilled upon the ear with a distinctness and force that outdid the noisiness of the sturdiest lungs.

"Lenore!" he exclaimed commandingly, "come to me!"

"Hush!" said Doctor Carajo, with a frown. "She is not here."

"She is behind that veil," returned the other; "let her come forth."

At first there was no response to this summons; but by and by the curtain was grasped from within and slowly drawn aside. In the opening appeared the figure of Lenore, white in face and figure, like a ghost obeying a ghostly mandate. As her glance met that of Doctor Carajo's patient she faltered and uttered a low cry.

"You are dying, my love!" she said; "he has killed you!"

"By no means," said Doctor Carajo, sullenly "At this moment I would buy his life with my own. Human skill has done its utmost."

"Do not come too near," murmured Lenore's lover, as she advanced toward him. "We have no time to lose."

"Am I not yours? Do you not love me?" she cried, in a voice weighted with unshed tears, and holding out her hands to him.

"There is a spiritual barrier between us," he said. "Do not let your fleshly hand disregard it. It seemed to me that I loved you; it seems so still. But there has never been a true union between you and me. The license of the body, the arrogant insanity of the intellect—these parody love and banish it. Can happiness be founded on murder? and we murdered marriage, Lenore!"

"But I never loved him, nor he me," she said passionately. And then, with a sweeping gesture of the arm, she pointed to Doctor Carajo. "That is the man! Let him answer if what I say is not true."

The Doctor shrugged his shoulder. "The question is a futile one," he said. "Sin, like God, is no respecter of persons. Take it, if you will, that I was justly served. Her responsibility toward the covenant she broke is the same, and thereby she is condemned. But I deprecate this discussion, and the foolish revelation which occasioned it. If I were the person she asserts, I have long ceased to be so. His name and his heart—be it good or evil—are mine no more. I am plain Dr. Carajo, a man of science and an observer."

"Your heart is at least the same in its coldness and revengefulness!" said Lenore bitterly.

"Coldness! I loved you!" exclaimed Doctor Carajo, with sudden and strange vehemence. "I tried to win your love, but you withheld it. Mine was no surface passion, to be expressed with a flow of words and protestations; and because I could not speak you thought me indifferent. Then in my absence, you met this man and betrayed me. I would not condescend to pursue you and supplicate you, or to seek a vulgar vengance. I left you to the retribution of time and change. And this hour rewards me."

"Can such love as ours be wrong?" demanded Lenore, turning to her lover. "Is it not its own justification?"

"No, Lenore; nor must we seek justification," answered the dying man. "We have polluted the sacred symbol which is the image of creation. As light is married to heat, form to substance, and truth to goodness, so is man married to woman. The sanctity of that union is above and independent of individual conditions. For the sake of one selfish pleasure should we oppose and defy a law in which are bound up the purity and welfare of mankind? or should we say that because this man fails to be a worthy husband we may violate the warrant whereof he, whether worthy or not, is the representative?"

"If the love that, for these three years past, has been my life, be wickedness," said Lenore, "then why should I desire truth and goodness?"

"The love which opposes love of humanity is, in its essence, not love but hatred," the dying man answered. "It is with such love that we heretofore loved each other; it is grounded in mortality, and must pass away. But there is something in us that outlasts the strength of the body and the pride of intellect—a soul which cannot die, and whose love is real and immortal. My soul, which until now I have never known or acknowledged, is now awake and fills the place of death; it is I!"

"And do you love me still?" asked Lenore.

"Whether it be a new profanation or a promise, I love you still," he murmured; "nay, I have never truly loved you until this moment."

"We shall meet hereafter," she said.

"Let not your heart imagine it," he replied; "the wages of sin is not immortal happiness. Pray only that he whom we have chiefly wronged be less a sufferer thereby than we ourselves."

"Let not that disturb you," said Doctor Carajo, gloomily. "If what this dying man has said be true—and it may be so for aught I can tell—you have injured each other more fatally than you have injured me. I ask no more. Heaven may promise you what happiness it will; I shall not cross you there."

"Farewell, Lenore!" said her lover, in a tone whose solemnity overawed its tenderness.

"Must I stay here alone?" she cried out in agony. "Let me go with you!"

"Not so!" Rejoice, rather, that your road of retribution lies in this world. As for me. I go to a strange country, whose ways and boundaries no man knows."

There was a silence. "He is gone!" muttered Dr. Carajo, turning away.

But Lenore pressed her hands over her heart.

"He is here," said she.—*Julian Hawthorne.*

Valuable Information.

Rights in the Road.

The following statement as to rights in the road, promulgated by Judge Bennet, may at some time be of use to the readers of the *Journal*. Some of them are at variance with prevailing opinions:

If a farm deed is bounded by, on or upon a road, it usually extends to the middle of the roadway. The farmer owns the soil of half the road, and may use the grass, trees, stones, gravel, sand or anything of value to him, either on the land or beneath the surface, subject only to the superior rights of the public to travel over the road, and that of the highway surveyor to use such material for repairs of the road; and these materials may be carted away and used elsewhere on the road. No other man has a right to feed his cattle there, or cut the grass or trees, much less deposit his wood, old carts, wagons or other things there.

The owner of a drove of cattle that stops to feed in front of your land, or a drove of pigs which root up the soil, is responsible to you at law, as much as if they did the same thing inside the fence.

Nobody's children have a right to pick up the apples under your trees, although the same stand wholly outside of your fence.

No private person has a right to cut or lop off the limbs of your trees in order to move his old barn or other buildings along the highway, and no traveler to hitch his horse to your trees in the sidewalk without being liable, if he gnaws the bark or otherwise injures them.

If your walls stand partly on your land and partly outside of the fence, no neighbor can use it without your permission. Nay, more; no man has a right to stand in front of your land and insult you with abusive language without being liable to you for trespassing on your land. He has a right to pass and repass in an orderly and becoming manner; a right to use the road but not to abuse it.

But notwithstanding the farmer owns the soil of the road, even he cannot use it for any purpose which interferes with the use of it by the public for travel. He cannot put his pig-pen, wagon, cart, wood or other things there, if the highway surveyor orders them away as obstructing public travel. If he leaves such things outside his fence, and within the limits of the highway as actually laid out, though some distance from the traveled path, and a traveler runs into them in the night and is injured, the owner is not only liable to him for private damage, but may also be indicted and fined for obstructing a public highway. But if he has a fence or wall along the highway, he must place it on his land, and not half on the road as in case of division between neighbors. But as he owns the soil, if the road is discontinued or located elsewhere, the land reverts to him, and he may enclose it to the centre, and use it as a part of his farm.—*Ex.*

The Wise Father.

A worldly father, after the style of Lord Chesterfield, is giving good advice to his son, who is about to enter society.

"And, above all, avoid flirtations. But if you must flirt or fall in love, sir, be sure that it is with a pretty woman. It is always safer."

"Why?"

"Because some other fellow will be sure to be attracted and cut you out before any harm has been done."

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA. Feb. 8, 1883.

The Largest Paper in Centre County.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. Yearly and half yearly ad's at special rates.

One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium.

We have lately added
A FINE LINE of FURNITURE
AT LOW PRICES.

—o—

And would be pleased to show you through our rooms.

G. R. Spigelmeyer & Co.,
The Fair. Whitmer & Co.
Supply Depot.
Spring Mills, Pa.

LOCAL ITEMS.

According to a late act of Assembly the Overseer of Poor who receives the highest number of votes at the spring election of '82, is to serve two years, and the one having the next highest vote, to serve one year. Hereafter—from 1883 on—there will be only one Overseer elected, each year, and the term will be two years. By this act there will be one old Overseer in each new board. Voters should bear this change in the law in mind at the approaching spring election. We think this change in the law is a wise one.

——The hog disease is breaking out again in Nittany valley. Mr. Wm. B. Shafer, of Nittany lost 18 head this winter by the disease.

— The committee of Grangers which framed the tax bill printed elsewhere in the REPORTER, consisted of V. E. Piollet, L. Rhone and R. H. Thomas.

——Brown's new grocery, on Bishop street, keeps up with the best and foremost in this and adjoining counties, for cheap goods.

——A short distance this side of Paddy Mt. tunnel, 2 miles below Fowlers, a new post office has been established, called Poe Mills.

——The father of R. A. Bumiller, printer at Millheim, died in Germany, a short time ago, aged 51 years. We sympathize with bro. B. in this bereavement.

——At cost, to close out stock, is still the motto at Brockerhoff's Centre Hall store. A fine line of dress goods, hats, caps, boots, shoes, canned goods, etc, a full line of notions, on hand and offered at cost. The highest prices given for all kinds of country produce.

——A horse sale will take place at the Centre Hall hotel, on 14th Feb, when Messrs. Rankin & Delp will have 14 head of choice Clarion county horses here, for heavy draft and driving. It

——Persons who have uncollected tax-duplicates, will read the card published by the Commissioners in another column of the REPORTER. The Commissioners are on the right track.

——On the night of 2, the stable of D. O. Bower, at Laurelton, was robbed of harness, bridles and saddles. He offers $10 reward.

——Mr. I. J. Grenoble shipped 44 car loads of grain making over 25,000 bushels, in the month of January, from Spring Mills.

——The highest and best prices paid at all times at Brown's grocery, Bellefonte, for produce, and all family groceries sold cheaper than elsewhere.

——Dr. J. B. Leitzell, of Spring Mills, we are sorry to learn, intends leaving these parts and go west. His sale will be found advertised in REPORTER.

——Millheim is to have a musical convention, beginning on 19, under the direction of our popular musical leader and neighbor, Prof. P. H. Meyer, of Linden Hall.

—The Reynoldsville *Paper* says: "The Clearfield Coal Company have erected thirty coke ovens at Tyler's Station and have put in a patent washer and crusher, and will go into coke burning on an extensive scale. The Rochester and Pittsburg road are pushing the tracklaying to completion as rapidly as the weather will permit. They are laying track from Johnsonburg south and from Falls Creek north. It is supposed the track will be joined sometime during the latter days of this month. At Johnsonburg the company have a trestle 1000 feet long and an average of 40 feet in height. This trestle passes over the P. and E. R. R. at a height of 21 feet. Johnsonburg is the intersection of the R. and P. and the N. Y. L. E and W. R. R. and is bound to be in the near future a considerable of a place.

——A service of song was held in the Reformed church at Aaronsburg on last Sabbath evening. Dr. Perkins and Rev. Yearick addressed the meeting.

——The Centre County Agricultural Society met in the court house at Bellefonte court week and elected the following officers: President, Henry C. Campbell, of Rock Springs; Vice President, John I. Thompson, Lemont; George Runk, Spring Mills; Benj. F. Hunter, Filmore, and John A. Woodward, Howard. Executive Committee, James R. Alexander, Chairman, Bellefonte; J. F. Weaver, Milesburg; Wm. Boal, Centre Hall; Sam'l Decker, Zion; W. F. Rearick, Spring Mills; Alex. Chaney, Port Matilda; Secretary, H. H. Harshbarger, Bellefonte; Librarian, Calvin Peters, Fleming. The society has sort of been in the back ground the past couple years, but it is now proposed to distill new life into the organization. There should be no lack of encouragement given the institution.

——Sleighing still keeps up. Last week's thaw was followed by a freeze up Sunday and Monday, with a little bit more snow beginning of this week, all of which tended to make sleighing excellent.

SAWMILL AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned offers at private sale a sawmill on Marsh Creek, in Boggs twp., the engine and boiler of which belong to a second party and can also be purchased if desired. Apply to JOHN HOFFER,
1feb3t Bellefonte, Pa.

——The barn of Mrs. A. Gill, 2 miles east of Pleasant Gap, was destroyed by fire on last Monday night between 11 and 12 o'clock. One horse, 2 cows, 2 heifers, a 2-horse wagon, with all the hay and feed, were burned. It was a bank barn 30 by 25. The loss is about $900, and no insurance. It is not known how the fire originated. When discovered the barn was in full blaze. There was no one about the barn during the evening with a light. Mrs. Gill was lying seriously ill at the time and the shock of the fire has added to her precarious condition. Mr. Knoffsinger, a brother of Mrs. Gill, was on the spot soon after the fire was discovered but too late to save anything.

——The rain and thaw during the end of last week caused the plaining-mill dam, at Bellefonte, to give way, by which great masses of ice and timber were carried down the stream in a rush. The bridge at the Bush house was carried away, the basement of the Watchman office was flooded and the windows crushed in, and the streets in the vicinity of the depot inundated. High piles of ice are lodged about Brown's coal yard, and in other low sections along the stream.

——Teat's grocery, opposite the Bush house, can not be beat for fine groceries, or for completeness of assortment. Everything new and fresh, as well as fine, and prices honest. Call at Teat's grocery and see for yourselves.

——Jonath. From, of this place, has made up his mind to go west. His sale will be found advertised in the REPORTER.

——Moses Richard, of this place, met with a bad accident on Monday, caused by the treacherous ice. He slipped and fell, breaking his right shoulder. The shoulder was set by Dr. Alexander.

——The Musical Festival in this place promises to be a success. On Tuesday about $80 had already been realized from the class tickets. Dr. Perkins is fully meeting the expectations of all. A pressure of business has interfered with our attendance thus far, but we gather from others who have attended that a rare musical treat is in store. Don't miss the concerts on Thursday and Friday nights.

——Wednesday morning opened with rain on a bed of 3 inches of sleet which fell during the night.

——Clothing sold at near cost at the Philad. Branch. Lewins intends to put out present stock without profit, so as to make room for spring trade. Men and boys wanting suits have a grand opportunity to save money if they go to Lewins at once.

PENN HALL ITEMS.

It seems Vanderbilt has awakened the P. R. R. Co. that they propose to build the link of our road.

We notice your correspondent C. D. Q. is going for our worthy correspondent of the *Democrat*. Misunderstandings will take place, and since the News Boy is no veteran in the work would ask indulgence if you find faults and mistakes—they are from the pen and not from the heart. Brethren, let us be on good terms.

John A. Grenoble was married on 1st instant, to Miss Clara Stover, of Haines township. They came to his father's residence on Friday evening; a calithumpian band met and performed about the house until midnight. Such hideous performance should not be tolerated. Abandon such sport, we can make use of our time to much better advantage.

Cruel Cal Fisher cut the heads off of a dozen pigeons. Remember us when you have a pigeon feast again—they are capital fare.

Elias Weaver, Sup't at the Auchentorlie farm, had those fat cattle to water and some got on a stampede, respected no fences. When Alie came back with them he was not in the best of mood.

Fred Carter has gone to Green Brier again, and has taken charge of Tolbert's six mule team; he can handle them skilfully, and feeds once a day 4½ bushels of oats.

On Sunday Penns Creek was overflowing; huge blocks of ice came down, and some lodged in the public road. Vehicles could scarcely pass over the road.

Spigelmeyer and Long had a trial speed of their fast nags from the depot. Longs horse came out best, he left Spigelmeyer's horse behind in John Grenoble's lot, the sleigh on the fence. Long's horse ran to his stable and left the sleigh behind—no one hurt. NEWS BOY.

PERSONAL.

The REPORTER was pleased to have calls from W. B. Shafer, of Nittany; Mr. M'Clellan and Mr. Love, of Tusseyville; Wash. Loneberger, of Spring.

Mr. D. Hess, of Linden Hall called in on us. Hope he will soon be able to come down here on cars.

Robt. Evans, formerly of near Centre Hill, who has been in the west nearly two years, is here on a visit, and gave us a call.

Mr. Epr. Keller called on us a few days ago. He advertises his sale in REPORTER; he intends to quit farming and move to Houserville and in company with his brother take charge of the woolen factory at that place.

Jacob Wagner, of Potter; Profs. Ph. Moyer and Jas. Swab, favored us with their presence on Tuesday.

L. B. Frank, of Miles, gave the REPORTER a pop visit, Wednesday.

——Civil engineers are surveying a railroad route from Mill Hall, Clinton county, to Logansville. The intention is to run from Logansville to a point near Milton and connect with the Reading road system. This will make a line nearly forty miles shorter to Philadelphia and New York for the Clearfield coal than the route by the way of Jersey Shore—Philad. *Times*.

——Remember Dinges is doing business on new principles since the 1 February, as announced in his new advertisement. A square thing right along between him and customers, with a reduction of prices to all. He certainly has the proper idea of successful business management.

An order was issued by the officers of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, notifying passengers that the company will here after require them to have their baggage checked at least five minutes before the departure of their train. The baggage agents are instructed to check all baggage that is brought provided they have time to do so, but the company will not agree to carry the same if it is not checked five minutes before the arrival or departure of the train in which the passenger desires to travel.

The Future of Gas.

Gas is an institution of the utmost value to the artisian; it requires hardly any attention, is supplied upon regulated terms, and gives with what should be a cheerful light a general warmth, which often saves the lighting of a fire. The time is, moreover, not far distant, I venture to think, when both rich and poor will largely resort to gas as the most convenient, the cleanest, and the cheapest of heating agents, and when raw coal will be seen only at the colliery or the gas-works. In all cases where the town to be supplied is within, say, thirty miles of the collery, the gas-works may with advantage be planted at the mouth, or, still better, at the bottom of the pit, whereby all haulage of fuel would be avoided, and the gas, in its ascent from the bottom of the colliery, would acquire an onward pressure sufficient probably to impel it to its destination. The possibility of transporting combustible gas through pipes for such a distance has been proved at Pittsburg, where natural gas from the oil district is used in large quantities. The quasi monopoly so long enjoyed by gas companies has had the inevitable effect of the cheeking progress. The gas being supplied by meter, it has been seemingly to the advantage of the companies to give merely the prescribed illuminating power, and to discourage the invention of economical burners, in order that the consumption might reach a maximum. The application of gas for heating purposes has not been encouraged, and is still made difficult, in consequence of the objectionable practice of reducing the pressure in the mains during daytime to the lowest possible point consistent with prevention of atmospheric indraft. The introduction of the electric light has convinced gas managers and directors that such a policy is no longer tenable, but must give way to one of technical progress; new processess for cheapening the production and increasing the purity and illuminating power of gas are being fully discussed before the Gas institute; and improved burners, rivaling the electric light in brilliancy, greet our eyes as we pass along our principal thoroughfares.—*Prof. Siemens, in Popular Science Monthly.*

Popping the Question.

Writes a Brooklyn correspondent: Let us suppose the lady has been out the evening before to a party. The gentleman might say that she looked fatigued. On her rejoining that this was a foolish thought he will get an opportunity of saying,—

"Not foolish, Emily; I feel too much interested in you to permit my own wishes to run counter to your welfare."

This is properly called the magnificent style of beginning. But very often the young lady is considerate enough to assist her bashful lover. For instance, there was once a timid fellow who was fond of borrowing John Phœnix's jokes; when she asked him how he felt, he averaged himself according to the Phœnix plan of being very definite, and said he felt "about eighty-eight per cent."

"Indeed," she said, with a demure look, "are you never going to par?"

And she got in her work that evening. Another young man was saying, as he scratched a lucifer on the side of the house,—

"I like those houses with sanded paint; nice when you want to strike a match, you know."

"Is that so?" she asked demurely, "I wish I lived in a house with sanded paint," and then she looked things unutterable.

If he had asked "What for?" she would have hated him. But he didn't. He took the hint and the match was struck then and there.

A scientific journal heads an article: "Wanted—A Substitute for Leather." From a careful reading of our paragraphic exchanges during the past six months, we conclude that many fathers have adopted a cross dog as a substitute for leather. It goes right to the spot with the same earnestness—if not a little more so.—*The Judge.*

An English Girl of the Period.

A London correspondent of the San Francisco *Argonaut* describes a young lady who lives down in one of the southern counties. She is one of the prettiest girls in England, has $5,000 a year in her own right, is just 23, and the daughter of a peer whose pedigree goes back to the conquest, and whose country-house is the show-place of the county. To look at her you would think her the quietest of the quiet, and that she hadn't an idea beyond crochet and weak tea. But she hunts, has her own stable, keeps four hunters and now and then rides a steeplechase, buys and sells her own horses without help from anyone; has her own wine merchant, wine cellar, and tobacconist; fences, boxes, skates, and rows; has her boudoir decorated with foils, gloves, whips, horseshoes and hunting trophies; smokes cigarettes during the day and cigars after dinner; is a capital judge of claret and port, and can tell Amontillado from Marsala with her eyes shut; is a first-rate shot with shot-gun or rook rifle; draws her own charges and pays her own bills; and last, though not least, has a delightful way of letting you see her foot and ankle when she puts one leg over the other on sitting down that would make a prim old dowager faint, and get her sat upon directly by the sly ones. Yet she has never been known to flirt, has refused more offers than the quiet ones ever dreamed of receiving, and once, it is related, taught the prince of Wales a lesson by stopping in the middle of a valse with him at a state ball at Buckingham palace, and refusing to go on, because he held her tighter than she considered proper. You can't call a girl like that fast. But she knows enough to take care of herself, and if her companionship with the young swells of the day, and her imitation of their talk and ways has taught her to prefer their friendship to their love, it is not unlikely she is nearer right in her estimate of her fellow-beings than are the dragonesses of propriety who regard her with abhorrence, but are willing to sell their bashful maidens to the first libertine or titled scapegrace whose establishment and rent-roll make him in their eyes a desirable parti.

Descending the Sault de Ste. Marie.

Upon arriving at the Sault our party went trouting in the rapids of the small streams adjacent to the river, and though the weather was extremely unfavorable there was some fine sport. Piloted by the excellent Indian guide, John Boucher, the canoe of the party was poled up the rapid side-streams on the Canadian side, and every opportunity afforded to cast for trout till the main river above the Sault was reached.

An Indian was seated in the bow and stern, and the two rodsters on the bottom in the waist, under strict injunctions to preserve the balance, even to the winking of both eyes at the same time. The canoe was now allowed to float in the smooth, swift drawn above the breaking rapid, and the party were informed that there was now no possibility of retreat, as they could not if they would stem the current; so all were prepared for the descent, and in a moment the frail craft was in the breakers, and the red shale bottom seen through the clear water seemed to be retreating up the stream at railroad speed, so swift was the current carrying us downward. Amidst the roar of waters not a word was spoken by the Indian guides, but orders were given by signs from the hand of Boucher in the bow, and the canoe was guided here and there, passing fearful breakers on the right and left like a flash. Now they rested for a moment, and anon they paddle with their full strength to keep clear of the huge rocks in the breakers, till the passage had been made quite half way down in safety. Here we were confronted by a long reef which runs across the river, over which the water roars and plunges and toward which we were being borne with the speed of an arrow. It seemed impossible that our canoe could live in such water, and we mentally prepared for a bath; but an instant before reaching the broken water, which rose ahead to a great hight, a sign was made by Boucher, and the canoe was turned athwart the river, and both Indians bent themselves to their paddles as if their lives depended upon their efforts, and the canoe shot across, weathering heavy breakers, some of which came on board. In another instant the object of this maneuver became manifest, as a narrow opening in the seething rapid was seen just ahead, and, though fearfully rough, was far less so than the leaping waves on either hand. The boat guided into this opening, and mounting the swelling water, went off with a bound, reminding one of the leap at the foot of the hill, which all will appreciate who recall their boyhood coasting days. The boat sped on as if sliding down hill on water. The Indians, ever on the alert for Scylia on the right and Charybois on the left, placed us in the comparatively quiet chop sea at the foot, and the great Sault Ste. Marie had been run, and a tremendous amount of excitement and experience crowded into the short space of less than four minutes, which it took to traverse the something over a mile of plunging rapids.—*American Angler.*

Quieted the Mule.

Ex-Congressman Slemmons tells of a pair of feet that must have been objects of great regard in their day. One day a party of men, including Jackson, the man of big feet, were preparing to attend a political barbecue. It was soon discovered that there was no way of conveying Jackson, as all the vehicles were full.

"Let me ride that mule over there?" asked Jackson.

"There isn't a man in the world that can ride that animal. He'll work to a buggy or plow, but no one can stay on his back."

"I'll try him anyway;" and the determined man instructed several negroes to catch the mule and hold him. The animal plunged and kicked, but finally Jackson secured a seat in the saddle. Every one expected to see him dashed to the ground, but the mule looked around, saw the man's feet, and walked peacefully away. He thought he was between a pair of shafts.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

——Full and complete assortment of everything at the Pennsvalley bargain store, and a reduction of prices besides. Call at Dinges' for cheap goods. All kinds of produce wanted and highest prices allowed for same.

PHILADELPHIA PRODUCE.

Philad., February 5.—Seeds—Clover is firm at 12½@13½c for new. Timothy is dull at 2.15@2.55, and flax is steady at 1.45@1.47. Flour—Minnesota extras, at 5.00@6.50; Penn'a family at 4.75@5; western do. at 5.25@6, and patents at 6.25@7.50.

Wheat 1.15½ bid and 1.16 asked for No. 2 red. Corn was firmer with 68c bid and 68¼c asked. Oats were firm, with 49¼c bid and 51c asked for No. 2 white.

Cattle—Prime 6¼c, good 6@6¼, medium 5½@5¾c. Hogs—Prime 9¾@10, good 9¼@9¾.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Beans—Prime medium 2.45@2.55 per bushel, prime marrow fats 2.60@2.65.

Butter—Choice dairy 24@25, prime do. 20@25, common to mediums 12@15, fancy creamery 35@37.

Cheese—Ohio factory 13¼@13¾. York Goshen 14@14¼. Sweitzer 13¼@13¾.

Dried Fruit—Apples, sliced 8c; evaporated 15a16, quarters 7a8; peaches, halves, 6a7; peeled 12a17; cherries, 21a13; raspberries 9a10.

Eggs—No. 1 Penn'a and Ohio fresh in bbls. or cases 23a27, refrigerator eggs 20a22.

Feathers—Live geese 60a65 in packages, in small lots 2a3c more.

Onions—Per bbl. 1.75a2.00.

Potatoes—Early rose 85a90 pr. bushel on track and 95a1.00 from store.

Poultry—Live chickens 60a70, dressed do. 14a15 per lb., dressed turkeys 18a20, geese 10a12, ducks 13a14.

Sweet Corn—We quote dried at 5a6c per lb.

Honey—18a27 per pound.

Tallow—City 8a8½, country 5¼a7.

Mince Meat—6a7 per pound.

Sweet Cider—Country 6.00a8.80 per bbl.

Dressed Hogs—Sales at 7a7½ per pound.

Seeds—Timotoy 2.10a2.20 per bushel, clover 8.00a9.00 as to quality.

GROCERIES.

Green Coffees—Prime Rio 11a12, good Rio 10a10½, ordinary Rio 8¼a8¾, Java 20a22.

Roasted Coffees—In papers 13a14¼.

Sugars—Standard A 8¼a8, granulated 8a9¼, crushed 8a9¾.

Syrups—Choice maple 39.

Rice—Lousiana 9¼a7, Carolina 6¼a7.

Green steer hides, 75lbs and up per lb 9a10c, green steer hides 60 to 75 lbs 8a9, green bull hides under 60lbs 6a7, green cow hides all weights 6a7. Above prices are for hides trimmed, free from horns, tails and joints. Green calf skins 8 to 15 lbs. 9a10.

Salt—No. per barrel 1.20, No. extra 1.30; dairy, 1.40; C. C., 1.40; Globe Fertilizer 1.40; per bushel, 20c.

Rags—Good demanded at 2a2½c for white cotton; 1a1½c for all wool, and 1¼a1¾ for mixed.

Wool—Fine 36a38c, coarse 27a3c.

——There is only one chance to buy store goods at cost now, and only one place in the county, and that is at Brockerhoff's Centre Hall store, Fall in at once and save money.

FIVE PERSONS HANGED.

ALEXANDRIA, February 5.—Four persons convicted of having committed murders at the time of the riot in Tantah, were hanged there to-day.

SUPERIOR EXCELLENCE

The reasons for *Peruna's* superior excellence in all diseases, and its *modus operandi*, are fully explained in Dr Hartman's lecture reported in his book on the "Ills of life, and How to Cure them," from page 1 to page 10, though the whole book should be read and studied to get the full value of this *par excellent* remedy. These books can be had at all the drug stores gratis.

Peruna is the best immediate Expectorant (Cough Medicine), that has yet been compounded by physician or druggist. There is nothing in medical print that can at all compare with it. And no less so is it the very best Tonic, Stimulant, Nervine, Diuretic, Alterative, Anti-Dyspeptic, Appetizer, Haematic, (Blood Medicine) &c., &c., that has ever been compounded by docter or layman. It should, therefore, always be kept on hand for immediate use.

— Lock Haven market: Butter 25 to 32c per pound, eggs 25c per dozen, potatoes 75c per bushel, chickens 60 to 80c per pair, lard 17c per pound, apple butter 75c per gallon, corn 75c, oats 50c, turnips 40c, celery 5 to 8c per stock, cabbage 5 to 10c per head, apples 75c to $1.25 per bushel ducks 70c per pair, turkeys $1 to $1.25 each, by the pound 15c, geese 75c each, sourkraut 5c, per qt.

Spring Mills Market.

Red wheat 105, white and mix. 90a$1.
Rye 70c
Corn, shelled 65, and ears new 60
Oats, 40c.
Buckwheat, 50c.
Barley 50c to 75c
Cloverseed, 6 50 to 7.00
Timothy seed, 1.60 to 1 75
Plaster, ground per ton, $9.00
Flour, per bbl $5.00
Butter 25c
Tallow, 6c.
Lard, 12.
Ham, 12½c
Shoulders 10
Bacon or side, 10c
Eggs per doz. 25c
Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble

COAL—Pea, 3.35; Chestnut, 4.75; Stove, 5.00; Egg, 4.85.

MARRIED.

On 1st instant, by Rev. Z. A. Yearick, at the home of the bride and in the presence of a large company of friends, Mr. J. A. Grenoble, of Spring Mills, and Miss Clara V. Stover, of Haines twp.

At the same time and place, and by the same, J. W. Runkle, of Haines twp., and Miss Lizzie M. Stahlnecker, of Watsontown, Pa.

On 28 January, by Rev. P. C. Weidmeyer, Mr. Henry Bears and Miss Emma Acker, both of Aaronsburg.

On 2 instant, by Rev. W. M. Landis, Mr. Nathen Betchel and Miss Allice Doebler, both of Pennsvalley.

On 28 January, by same, Mr. Adam Bierly to Miss I. Cordie Bresler, both of Sugar Valley.

On 4 instant, by same, Mr. G. W. Winkelblack, of Pennsvalley, to Miss Mary A. Gréninger, of Miles twp.

DIED.

On January 16th, at the house of Mr. John Johnsonbaugh, by Rev. T. M. Morris, Mr. James I Fulton and Sarah E. Segner, all of College twp.

SALE, MARCH 9.

PUBLIC SALE.—Will be sold at public sale at residence of the undersigned, at Centre Hall, on Friday, March 9, the following articles: Two horses, 3 shoats, 1 2-horse wagon, turning lathe with horse power, 1100 spokes, plows, cultivator, shovel plows, corn in the ear, a lot of oak plank, horse gears, single harness, 3 tons of hay, carpenter tools, single trees, chains, and other articles. Sale to begin at 1 p. m.
JONATH. FROM.

SALE, MARCH 20.

PUBLIC SALE.—Will be sold at public sale, at the residence of the undersigned, 2½ miles west of Centre Hall, Thursday, March 20; Three work horses, 1 4-year old mare with foal, 1 2-year old colt, 3 cows, 8 head of young cattle, 17 head of sheep, 3 head of hogs, 2 2-horse wagons, one nearly new; plantation wagon, top-buggy, sled, Geiser separator, No. 2 Excelsior reaper, Union Fertilizer drill, Willouby gum drill, hayrake, fanning mill, fodder cutter, straw cutter, hayrope, fork and pullies, land roller, corn scraper, double cultivator, single cultivator, plows harrow, 2 sets of tug harness, set of light crupper gears, 2 sets of single harness, one new; 2 saddles, collars bridles, flynets, chains, forks rakes, double trees, single trees, also a lot house furniture. Corner cupboard, dining table, bed-steads, coal stove, bed-room stove, Hathaway cook stove, cider barrels, and many other articles. Sale to commence at 12 o'clock when terms will be made known.
EPHRAIM KELLER.

SALE, MARCH 8.

PUBLIC SALE.—The undersigned will offer at public sale, 1½ miles east of Centre Hill, on Thursday, March 8, the following articles: 2 horses, 1 2-year old colt, 3 cows, two of which are fresh; 2 head of young cattle, 2 shoats, 2 2-horse wagons, 2 sleds, sleigh, log sled, log chain, top-buggy, reaper and mower combined, grain cradle, hayrake, fanning mill, plows, harrows, cultivators, corn scraper, cornplanter, 2 sets tug harness, good as new; 2 sets flynets, collars, bridles, 2 saddles, post auger and frame, post axe, cow chains, double and single trees, grind stone, sausage chopper, lard press, meat vessels, tubs, cider barrels, iron kettle, also household furniture. One corner cupboard, 1 dining table, 2 breakfast tables, 2 bedsteads with bedding, 2 sets of chairs, carpet, eight-day clock, 1 parlor stove, and various other articles to numerous to mention. Sale to commence at 10 a. m. on said day. Terms: All sums amounting to 5 dollars and under, cash; all sums over 5 dollars a credit of ten months by giving their notes with approved security before the removal of goods. Josiah Neff, auctioneer.
ANNA EVANS.

SALE, FEBRUARY 28.

PUBLIC SALE.—Will be sold at public sale, on Wednesday, February 28, at the residence of the subscriber at Spring Mills, the following personal property: One horse, 3 good shoats, light two-horse wagon good as new, 2 spring wagons, one of which is new, the other good; buggy, sulky, new sleigh, iron beam plow, cultivator, large shovel plow, corn sheller, cutting box, single and double trees, hay, 4 sets harness (single and double, dinner bell, 3 barrels good vinegar, rakes, forks, shovels, &c. Also household goods. 5 beds, 2 coal and wood stoves, cook stove, 2 bureaus, cupboard, 2 book cases, extension table, dining table, 1 side table, settee, 2 clocks, wood and cane seated chairs, 6 rocking chairs, melodeon, good sewing machine, rifle, meat vessels, tubs, barrels, stands, wash stands, 2 iron and 1 copper kettles, also 1500 feet of good, dry boards; 150 broad rails, 150 chestnut posts, and many other articles. Sale to begin at 10 a. m. when terms will be mentioned. J. N. Leitzell, auctioneer.
J. B. LEITZELL.

SALE MARCH 1st.

PUBLIC SALE.—The undersigned will offer at public sale at his residence ¾ of a mile north east of Penn Hall, on Thursday, March 1st, the following personal property, to wit:

One four-year-old stallion, two mares with foal, two two-year-old colts, one 1-year old colt, horned cattle, 19 head of extra Leicester sheep, two four-horse waggons, broad wheel, two horse wagon, 1 3-horse spring wagon, 1 two-horse sled, family sleigh, two sets hayladders (chestnut), box that holds sixty bushels, threshing machine, with shaker, power and strap, Excelsior windmill, Excelsior reaper with mower in good running order, hay rake, hay fork, Centre Hall corn planter, two-horse cultivator, two 1-horse cultivators with shovels, cornscraper, land-roller, two double shovels, two Hartman ploughs, Excelsior plough, side-hill plough, harrows, lot of single trees, double trees, single harness, set of double harness, lot of horse gears, fifth chain, log chain, set blacksmith tools, and many other articles. Sale to begin at 1 p. m., when terms will be made known. J. H. Leitzell, auctioneer.
D. J. MUSSER.

EVERY LADY
SHOULD SUBSCRIBE FOR
Strawbridge & Clothier's
Fashion Quarterly.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:
Nearly one thousand engravings, illustrating the new things in every department of fashion.
EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:
Four pages of new music, in most cases original, either vocal or instrumental.
EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:
The prices of all kinds of Dry Goods, together with descriptions and engravings to show what they look like.
EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:
Valuable original articles, mostly illustrated, on subjects that treat of the adornment of the person, the beautifying of home and the newest things in art needle work.
EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:
Instructions how the distant customer can shop as satisfactorily and as economically as residents of the city.
PRICE, 50 CENTS PER YEAR.
SPECIMEN COPIES, 15 CENTS.
STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER.
Eighth and Market Streets, Philad.
4jan tf

ATTENTION COLLECTORS FOR 1881.—All unsettled duplicates for the year 1881 will be placed in the hands of the attorney for immediate collection if not settled again the 1st day of April, 1883. JOHN WOLF,
8feb2m H. C. CAMPBELL,
A. J. GRIEST,
Commissioners.

SALE MARCH 16.

PUBLIC SALE.—Will be offered at public sale at the residence of the subscriber, in Harris township, one mile east of Linden Hall, on Friday, March 16, the following property, viz: Six head of work horses, 2-year old colt, 4 head of milch cows, ten head of young cattle, two breeding sows, two broad-wheel plantation wagons one of which is just new, one 2-horse wagon, two sets of hay ladders, eighty-bushel wagon bed, two sets of heavy wagon boards, two buggies, gum-spring drill, horse rake, double sled just new, plank sled, Centre Hall cornplanter, 5 ploughs, three harrows, three 1-horse cultivators, 2-horse cultivator, two corn scrapers, four sets of double and single trees, two 3-horse trees, two pair of spreads with single trees, ice cutter, rough lock, log chain, fifth chain, breast and butt chains, cow chains, cutting box, just new, fanning mill, grind stone, dinner bell, forks and shovels, 6 sets plowgears, 6 collars, 12 pair of hames, wagon saddle, 6 Yankee bridles, 6 sets of flynets, pair of checks, 4 choke straps, and other articles. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, a. m., when terms will be made known. Josiah Neff, auctioneer. GEORGE SWAB.

PRIVATE SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—The undersigned, executors of Thomas J. Stiver, deceased, also trustees and agents for his heirs, hereby offer at private sale the real estate of said Thomas J. Stiver, deceased, situated in Potter township about one mile west of Potters Mills, consisting of two tracts of land: one containing about forty acres, being wood land; the other, containing sixty acres, more or less, being very productive, well improved, and otherwise desirable farm land, without stones or waste, upon which is erected an ample dwelling-house, a good bank-barn, and other outbuildings, and in connection with which there is good water, fruit, and other attachments. For further information and for terms apply to S. L. STIVER,
Bunker Hill, Illinois.
MARY F. STIVER,
1feb4tf SAM'L L. STIVER,
WM. B. STIVER,
Potters Mills, Pa.

SALE FEB. 27.
BOSS SALE OF THE SEASON.

PUBLIC SALE.—Will be offered at public sale at the residence of the subscriber, 2½ miles southwest of Millheim, Tuesday, February 27, 1883, the following property, to wit: Two work horses, 3 mares, 2 with colt, 2 horse colts rising 3 years, 2 horse colts rising 2 years, 6 cows, 6 head of young cattle, 16 sheep, 15 shoats, one 4-horse wagon, one 2-horse wagon, platform spring wagon, 2-horse sled, Osburn reaper and mower, fertilizing grain drill, one of Foot's threshing machines, horse power, shaker and strap, fanning mill, one buggy, sulkey, 1-horse cultivator, two 2-horse cultivators, 3 harrows, 3 plows, hay fork, rope and pullies, hay rake, wheelbarrow, Centre Hall cornplanter, 2 sets of hay ladders, wood ladders, set of double harness, 2 sets single harness, flynets, set of Yankee harness, set of buggy gears, front gears, bridles, collars, halters, plow gears, forks, rakes, scoop shovels, log and cow chains, digging iron, grain in the ground, 2 grain cradles, mowing sythes, hay by the ton, also a lot of house hold goods and furniture. One cook stove, tenplate stove, stove pipe, 2 iron kettles, copper kettle, bedsteads, extention table centre table, breakfast table, bureau, corner cupboard, Smith American organ, Domestic sewing machine, lounge, 2 chests, 3 work stands, 4 sets chairs, rocking chairs, meat vessels, tubs, potatoes, sausage stuffer, fat press, crocks, and other articles. Sale at 9½ a. m., when terms will be made known. A. Harter, auctioneer. WM. WOLF.

SALE MARCH 15.

PUBLIC SALE.—The undersigned will offer at public sale, one and one-half miles north of Farmer's Mills, Thursday, March 15, 1883, the following articles: 2 head of horses, 2-year-old colt, 3 milk cows, six head of good sheep, 4 shoats, 1 sow with pigs, two 2-horse wagons, one 2-horse spring-wagon, 1 buggy, 2-hourse sled, family sled, log-sled, reaper, drill, threshing machine with shaker, strap and power, hay-rake, hay-fork, rope, and pullies, fanning mill, cornplanter, cornscraper, plows, one 2-horse cultivator, one 1-horse cultivator, harrows, double and single trees, grain-cradles, lot of horsegears, set of tug gears, set of front gears, set of single harness, flynets, saddle, bridles, checks, chains, &c. Also a lot of household furniture, 2 cook stoves, parlor stove, 10-plate stove, sink, chains, tables, corner cupboard, four bedsteads with bedding, 70 yards of carpet, chests, 2 iron kettles, large copper kettle, tubs, cider barrels, vinegar, meat vessels, and other articles. Sale to commence at 9½ a. m.
JONATH. WEAVER.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Catharine Shultz, deceased, late of Gregg township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement. M. L. KISHLER,
29jan6t Adm'r Farmer's Mills, Pa.

FARM at ORPHANS COURT SALE. There will be exposed at public sale at the late residence of John Love, dec'd, 1 mile west of Tusseyville, on Thursday, Feb 22, '83, a valuable FARM containing about 100 acres, mostly good limestone land, about 14 acres being finest timber, balance in good cultivation; thereon a good two story frame house, a bank barn and other buildings, with a fine orchard and a well of never failing water on the premises. Possession given April 1, 1883, upon the purchaser giving satisfactory securityatnal Terms of sale will be complied with.
OLIVER K LOVE,
1feb adm'r and trustee to sell.

POTTERS MILLS PROPERTY FOR SALE.—A very valuable property near Potters Mills is offered at private sale, consisting of 5 ACRES of land, thereon a good HOUSE, with all necessary outbuildings; a good well at the door; choice apple trees, peach and plum trees. The property is a desirable one. Persons desiring to purchase a pleasant home can call upon Mr. Franklin Royer, of Spruce Town, who will show you the property and give conditions of sale. For further information address to
SAMUEL KRIDER,
Selinsgrove, Snyder Co. Pa.,
P. O. Box 48 13jan tf

MILESBURG PROPERTY AT PRIVATE SALE.

A very valuable property in Milesburg, is offered at private sale, consisting of two excellent town lots, thereon a 2½ STORY HOUSE, with all necessary outbuildings, a never-failing well of soft water at the door, choice fruit, peaches, pears, plums, cherries, and smaller fruits on the premises. Persons desiring to purchase a pleasant and profitable home, can call upon Mr. Elias Zimmerman, who will show them the property. For further information apply to MRS. JOHN RIDER,
7dec tf Tusseyville, Pa.